

# THE DIAL

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## ON COMEDY.

One cause of the decline of comedy is the squeamishness of modern manners, which will not permit us to present things in their actuality, but requires a decent veil of words thrown over character and incident. A novel may hint at an occurrence, or describe it by periphrasis, or by its effect; but in comedy the thing itself must happen visibly. A novel can write all around a character—describe his manners and conversation and walk; a comedy must set him up on two legs and let him introduce himself. If a character is brutal or vulgar or unseemly, all this must come out in comedy; in a novel it can be glossed over. Nay, more: in a comedy the whole character has to be concentrated into a few speeches. It is necessary, therefore, for it to exaggerate all salencies, and to give in one brief display all the characteristics which a human being would exhibit in a lifetime. And as comedy finds its subjects among the lighter follies and vices of mankind, this essential extract is found too strong for modern taste.

If the aim of tragedy is to produce pleasure by the display of great forces warring against restraint, the business of comedy is to give happiness by the show of unfettered freedom. It is like the Roman Saturnalia, and in it we slaves of nature or of each other may fling our chains away and flout our masters and defy our fate. The comedy of Aristophanes turns the world upside down, sets low what is high and high what is low. The comedy of Menander, Terence and Plautus mocks all the settled order and proverbial wisdom of life. It apotheosizes the spendthrift and the thievish servant and the girl of easy virtue. Goldsmith and Sheridan make animal spirits and a happy-go-lucky disposition the choicest gifts of Fate. At Molière's command all men drop their masks, and their pretensions and solemn absurdities shrivel in his flickering smile. Shakespeare alone, from the dark materials of the earth, builds a place of refuge and escape,—reveals the vision of a sweeter, merrier world. All alike, however, free us momentarily from our pain and ennui.

Society is perpetually in danger of being stiffened by formulas, dulled with wisdom, made vile by virtue or cruel by common-sense. One good custom can corrupt a world. It is a healthy instinct, therefore, which in all times and among all races has allowed the greatest license to the jester. He has to wear his cap and bells, and submit to humiliations; but these accepted, he may say what he pleases. It seems, though I believe it is an obscure point, that there were some penalties attached to the acceptance of a comic chorus on the Athenian stage. Aristot-

planes brought out his first two plays under an assumed name, and hesitated before coming forward under his own. Once he undertook the business, however, he was immune from consequences. The very notion of comedy, therefore, is license. To attempt to make it decent and decorous is to wrest it from its purpose.

Charles Lamb's defense of the Comedians of the Restoration is entirely just, though he hardly took the most logical ground. Congreve and his successors were within their rights. The vices they satirized existed in shameless abandon, and their gay and good-humored presentation of them probably did more good than a legal indictment and a hanging judge. Thackeray, in one of the most amazing pieces of criticism ever penned, dismisses Congreve with angry scorn. The sordid world of Thackeray is to my mind more horrible than the lewd world of Congreve. Congreve's is at least gay and brilliant, while Thackeray's includes all that is bad in the older one, and has depths of squalid abasement of soul which Congreve could not have conceived. It does not mend matters that the novelist pops now and then upon the scene to read a lesson to us on his misguided creations. He only spoils the illusion thereby, and does not redeem the impression. I think it is hardly disputable that a young man or woman, unused to life or literature, would get a worse opinion of humanity from Thackeray than from Congreve. I do not object to Thackeray. He was right to paint what he saw,—but he had no call to speak with contempt of a man who was his master in almost every respect. Of course, as is the case in Wycherly, a comic writer may mistake brutality and filth for wit and fun,—but when Wycherly is brutal he ceases to be comic. The display of nakedness, except with the excuse of passion or beauty or humor, is a crime; and sniggering suggestiveness is an unpardonable sin.

Why, indeed, should we make fish of one commandment and fowl of another? "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods" is a canon, as well as "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Nobody objected to Molière's *Avare*, but when he brought out his "School for Wives" all Paris stuffed its fingers in its ears. Love is the universal theme. It is the salt which keeps literature fresh. Comedy cannot do without it, but must treat it in the comic spirit. It has its lofty heights in "Romeo and Juliet" or "Tristan and Isolde," and it has its ludicrous depths in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" or "Tristram Shandy." It is, in fact, too strong a passion to allow to rage unlaughed at. As has been said, there is nothing so serious as lust. Treat the passion always *en haut*, and there would be no living in the world. With one consent, society has always tried to drive the comic writers from this subject; and with one consent the comic writers have refused to give it up. There have been endless attempts to bring in sentimental comedy, lachrymose comedy, problematical comedy,—but genuine comedy, ludicrous comedy, has always rallied and retained the field.

The liberation of the intellect from all laws or bonds is best shown in the earth-upsetting comedy of Aristophanes. It is true that he was a conservative, and tried to restore the o'erblown state to its ancient limits of modesty and order. But his treatment was homœopathic. It was as though we should try to cure a madman by having a circle of maniacs dance about him with antic shout and gesture. It is all, however, a hurly-burly of ideas. Character painting, as we understand it, it hardly attempts, though Cleon and the Sausage-Seller are sketched with some fulness. Aristophanes's superb wit and poetry and thought keep his work from becoming travesty, but it is the parent of all succeeding travesty.

The comedy of Molière is the central comedy of the world. It resumes into itself all the *genres* of Menander and Plautus, as well as those of Ben Jonson, Congreve, and Sheridan. Even the fixed types of Italian comedy appear in it. Molière was the composite smile of mankind. His comedy ranges from the clown and horse-collar stage to the pensive mockery of the profoundest philosophy. He is always the defeated idealist who tortures himself by shattering the illusions which are dearest to his soul. He loves men and women with all his heart, and no one has exhibited them more naked and unadorned. His *Alceste* is as ridiculous as Don Quixote, and as noble. It is easy to satirize vice, to write with burning indignation; but to show the utter folly and futility of human life, and yet to make it lovable and desirable, was reserved for Molière alone. It is fortunate that Louis IV. was more polite than penetrating. *Tartuffe* was a real blow to the *ancien régime*, and the scene between Don Juan and the Beggar was perhaps the first note of the French Revolution.

Shakespeare's comedy is unique, though there is a trace of its charm in Calderon, and Alfred de Musset has given us a brilliant though shallow imitation of it. Shakespeare is the idealist who succeeds. His comedy is the one art-work of the world which can bestow absolute happiness; and this not once or occasionally, but again and again with unstated liberality. It is the true Fountain of Youth—the Age of Gold done into words. Shakespeare may almost be said to have created woman. Nowhere else does she exist in such bloom and perfume as in his comedy. Falstaff stands outside of the magic circle. He is Shakespeare's greatest contribution to ordinary comedy—the comedy such as other men can write. Lacking Falstaff, however, we would still have Sancho Panza; but lacking Rosalind, Viola, Beatrice, Imogen, Perdita, Miranda, Sir Toby, Malvolio, Dogberry, Bottom, lacking Illyria, the Garden at Belmont, the forest of Arden, Prospero's enchanted isle, the Athenian glades,—lacking these, what would there be in art to compensate us?

Hazlitt preferred Congreve's comedy to Shakespeare's. It was an odd taste; but after Shakespeare, Congreve is, I think, the best English prose writer

— best, not greatest, of course. For greatness there is required an intellectual and spiritual equipment that Congreve did not have. Yet the great prose writers, his compeers and successors, Dryden, Swift, Pope, and Johnson, seem to have looked upon him with a species of awe. His Valentine and Angelica, Mirabel and Millamant, are poor relations of Benedict and Beatrice, Orlando and Rosalind, in point of character, but they have an equal estate of wit, and, what is more, a gift of speech so mysterious in its colloquial ease, its polished brilliance, that no one since has found its secret.

When we turn to America for comedy, it is the snakes in Iceland over again. Americans have a credit for humor, but our humor which gets into print is very pale and mild beside the broad and full-blooded mirth of other nations. Like the gentleman in Goldsmith, we hate what is low, and, though we are obligated to dance a bear, our bear dances only to the genteelst of tunes. We treat each other as if we had just graduated from a young ladies' boarding-school, or were possible contributors to some Ladies' Journal. We will not see, at least in literature, that there is a coarse and animal side to life, and that for mere relief we must give it vent in speech if not in act. Abraham Lincoln knew this necessity of human nature, and kept himself up through the deadliest ordeals by lapses into the broadest fun. It is impossible to doubt that coarseness exists in our life, that Squire Westerns, and Wives of Bath, and Peachums, and Lockits, live in our midst.

To a certain extent, the same prudery obtains in modern English literature. But Dickens was deliciously "low." Thackeray's books are one long rogues' gallery, and Stevenson went in for ferocity with a vigor that alienated his female constituency. I hardly know, however, where to look for coarseness or raciness in American literature. Mr. Howells's people are all respectable and genteel. Mr. James's are genteel, if they are not respectable. Mark Twain's Mississippi roustabouts never say anything which would bring a blush to the cheek of modesty. Bret Harte's heroes have the manners of grand opera. It is no better — or worse — if one goes backward. Dr. Holmes, a delicate humorist, seemed born to preach the propaganda of the clean shirt. There is a precious spark or two of vulgarity in Irving, but it soon dies away into the general decency. Cooper's heroes are moral prize-winners. Gazing on all this wide expanse of clean linen and well-washed humanity, the soul aches for a little dirt.

Is there no material for real comedy among us? Do not our politicians bribe and betray? Do not our financiers bubble the community? Do not rich girls elope with coachmen? Are there no scandals in the upper circles? By the mass, no, — if we may trust our books. Or if any of these things occur, they are treated with lamentation and tears, instead of with the ironic smile of the earth spirit which is comedy. It is a total misconception of genius to suppose that it will give us the highest if we forbid

it to deal with the lowest. Chaucer's Wife of Bath is the corollary of the Prioress; Falstaff is the necessary foil for Rosalind and Imogen. The rankness of the Decameron was necessary to grow the story of the Falcon, the most perfect brief narrative in literature. If we restrict our artists to the middling, we must expect middling results. And mediocrity, hateful to God and men and columns, is what we have mainly got.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

### COMMUNICATION.

#### AN AMERICAN COMPATRIOT OF GAVAN DUFFY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in his recently published autobiography, "My Life in Two Hemispheres," reviewed in the last issue of THE DIAL, mentions, as the most interesting feature of his Irish newspaper, "The Nation," a number of young men who materially assisted the Irish cause by their poetical contributions to that journal. The plan of propagating the Nationalist reform by poetry as well as by prose was one of the editor's original designs, — a plan whose utility had been attested by his earlier journalistic attempt, "The Belfast Vindicator." Sir Charles declares that he was most agreeably surprised not only by the effusions of the editors and immediate writers to "The Nation," but by the quality of the contributions from poets previously unknown. The Irish cause, under the leadership of "The Nation" in Dublin and the fiery eloquence of O'Connell in the House of Commons — two forces that worked together for some time, however unfortunate their relations finally became, — seemed to act as an inspiration to the young poets of Ireland as well as her poetical sympathizers in other lands. Thomas Davis, Duffy's most efficient co-worker in the management of the paper, who had never hitherto published a line of poetry, early achieved a poetical reputation in the pages of "The Nation"; Clarence Mangan, already well known, added to his fame by his rhymical declarations in favor of repeal; O'Callaghan, John Dillon, John Keegan, De Jean Fraser, and others, made the poet's corner of the new journal its most conspicuous department.

One of these young men, who materially contributed to the poetical reputation of Duffy's paper, died in New Haven a few months ago. It was about 1845 that William James Linton began to write for "The Nation," — almost the only regular contributor, it is believed, who was not an Irishman. Linton was at that time thirty-three years of age; and his leaning for the Irish "Nation" and its treasonable utterances, however much it may have shocked his family and friends, was in no way inconsistent with his previous career. In his earliest youth he had broken away from his ancestral traditions; had become a fond reader of Shelley's "Queen Mab" and Lamennais' "Paroles d'un Croyant" and a zealous champion of Republicanism and liberty. This association with men of doubtful conservatism had already estranged many useful acquaintances. He had already become the close friend and companion of Mazzini, and the confidant and in many cases the participator in his plots for the Italian cause; had formed, with the great Italian, the People's International League, whose aim was radically anti-monarchical; had been one of the most conspicuous organizers of the People's Charter Union,



whose provisional rules, in Mr. Linton's own handwriting, have been found among his papers; had lived much with working-men, chartists, Polish and Russian refugees, and had undertaken several literary enterprises with the aim of transforming England into a Republic. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that Linton should have been profoundly affected by the new weekly newspaper at Dublin, which was pleading the Irish cause as it had never been pleaded before. In 1845 he became personally acquainted with Duffy, breakfasting with him at his hotel in the Haymarket, and also with Thomas Meagher.

Duffy wished to engage Linton in his Young Ireland cause; he believed that he would be useful in attaching to his banner the "remnants of the chartists," and encouraged him to contribute to his paper. In response to the invitation, Linton wrote a large amount of prose, usually in the form of letters to the editor, discussing topics of policy on which he differed with the paper. These were signed by the pseudonym "Spartacus," which had already gained something of a vogue in "The Odd Fellow," a journal which Mr. Linton had edited for Henry Hetherington, one of the conspicuous anti-newspaper stamp agitators of the day. In 1849, Duffy invited Linton to join the staff of "The Nation," an honor prized by more pretentious *litterateurs* than the distinguished London wood-engraver. This invitation was, however, declined. Linton did not care to attach himself to any one paper; and there were things in "The Nation"—such, for example, as its Catholic fervor—to which he could not subscribe. He continued, however, as a contributor, and in 1849 began the publication in "The Nation" of his most important poetical work up to that time, his "Rhymes and Reasons Against Landlordism." These poems had an extended vogue in their day, were collected in book form, and were deemed of sufficient merit to warrant an American edition twenty years later.

These poems constituted one organic whole; the same sentiment ran through them all, and the purpose was in every case the same. It was the author's desire to portray graphically, from every point of view, what he regarded as the one monstrous wrong of English rule in Ireland—the landlord system. Everything was subordinated to this end. He was no advocate of the separation of Ireland from England, and was therefore out of sympathy with the chief cause "The Nation" was attempting to promote—the repeal of the act of Union. Neither did he endorse the papal policy of Sir Gavan Duffy and his Catholic co-workers; the Pope represented to Mr. Linton everything that was evil and unprogressive. But in the landlord system he detected a genuine object of reform. Whatever faults Mr. Linton may have had, he was surely never half-hearted and insincere in any cause he had espoused; and the chief feature of his contributions to "The Nation," therefore, was their unbounded enthusiasm. His poems gave a consecutive picture of the Irish tenantry of that day and the injustices they suffered at the hands of their English masters. All the every-day miseries of life in Ireland, and all its stock characters, appeared in graphic succession in his poems. Whatever one may think of the poet's philosophy, he certainly made his picture plain. The Irish peasant, eking out a bare existence in his miserable hut, surrounded by his naked and half-starved wife and children, are held up in forcible contrast to his English lord, living in splendor in his London house, squandering at the gaming-table and the race-track all

the fruits of his tenants' toil. Linton always conceived the two characters in this way. He was unable, apparently, to imagine a tenant who had more than a potato a day, or a landlord who was charitable or virtuous. His poems were full of evictions, deaths by the wayside, famines, and the like familiar features of Irish life. The most cheerful picture throughout his pages is an occasional immigration to America or Australia.

"Darkly speeds 'The Exile,' draining  
The life blood of the land."

There is one interesting feature of Linton's verse and prose in "The Nation" to which he was himself accustomed to refer frequently in his later days. Mr. Linton was deeply interested in Mr. Henry George's economic theories; principally because they were almost identically the same ideas that he had advocated in his early manhood. "This is a very excellent book," he used to say, referring to Mr. George's "Progress and Poverty," "but I preached those very same ideas forty years ago." Mr. Linton's cure for the injustice of the Irish land system, indeed, was the same as Mr. George's cure for poverty in general.

Mr. Linton severed his connection with Duffy and "The Nation" about the year 1850, under unpleasant circumstances. The editor of "The Nation" was unfortunate enough to cross Linton in his most delicate point—his friendship for and admiration of Mazzini. Duffy frequently objected to Linton's association with the great Italian, whose hostility to the Pope made him unpopular to the "Young Ireland" people. Linton, however, loved Mazzini and respected his anti-papal policy, and could not be persuaded to abandon either. There was no rupture between Duffy and Linton until the former violently attacked Mazzini in the columns of "The Nation." Linton replied to the attack with such bitterness that he could not longer properly retain his connection with the paper. The two parted, therefore, though with no personal hostility. Duffy afterwards showed his regard for Linton when the latter was criticized by Thomas Carlyle as an "extremely windy creature, of the George Sand, Louis Blanc species." "Mr. Linton," said Duffy, replying to this criticism, "was less a Republican of the school of George Sand and Louis Blanc than an English Republican of the school of Milton and Cromwell. Like many of the gifted young men of the time, he found himself drawn towards 'The Nation,' and contributed to it largely in prose and verse. I was delighted at the time, and still recall with pleasure the pictures he drew of the future we aimed to create."

During Mr. Linton's residence at Appledore, in New Haven, he corresponded frequently with his old friend and editor. They lost track of each other after Duffy's departure to Australia, but when the latter returned to Europe and took up his residence at Cimiez, Nice, they renewed the old friendship. Linton, indeed, was almost the last survivor of the men who, fifty years ago, made "The Nation" such a powerful force in English politics. Several of Duffy's letters have been found among Mr. Linton's effects, in which he refers lovingly to the old times, "before we were grandfathers." "We failed, both of us," he says, in one of these letters, "in our immediate purpose, but it is a comfort in our declining years to know that we pursued it honestly, and that it will probably succeed in the end, though others will reap what we sowed. 'Let Danton's name perish from history, but live the people!'"

BURTON J. HENDRICK.

New Haven, Conn., May 10, 1898.



## The New Books.

## A BURNS PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP.\*

Two trim volumes, now before us, contain nearly the whole of the ten years' correspondence (covering the last decade of the poet's life) between Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop. Of the letters in these volumes, forty-three of those written by Burns have been published elsewhere by Currie and other editors. The remainder, comprising thirty-eight of Burns's letters and ninety-seven of Mrs. Dunlop's, are now printed for the first time. The holographs of this new matter form the Lochryan MSS. now in the possession of Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, N. Y., and were in all probability never seen by Currie. The interweaving of the new letters with the old makes the correspondence of Burns with Mrs. Dunlop, as given in the present volumes, rarely complete, a careful search after possible *lacunæ* having disclosed, as Mr. William Wallace, the painstaking editor, tells us, only four places where it can safely be stated that a letter of Burns is missing, while of the total of Mrs. Dunlop's it seems that Burns had lost or destroyed only nine.

Mrs. Dunlop's acquaintance with Burns began in 1786; and of all the friendships the poet made, in Ayrshire and elsewhere, none, says Gilbert Burns, seemed more agreeable to him than this one. Burns was on the point of starting for Edinburgh before Mrs. Dunlop had heard of him. She was suffering from a fit of depression consequent upon a long illness, when chance put into her hands a copy of the newly printed "Poems." Opening the book at the pages containing "The Cotter's Saturday Night," she was so charmed and aroused by the sweet and true verses that she despatched a messenger post to Mossgiel, some fifteen miles away, with a note asking the poet for a half-dozen copies of the poems, and bidding him call at Dunlop House at his earliest convenience. Mrs. Dunlop was a lady of standing and of "quality," and a descendant of the illustrious Wallace to boot; and the flattered bard lost no time in replying to her missive in his very worst—that is to say, his most stilted and artificial—style. Those unfamiliar with Burns's letters will find it hard to believe that the author of "Scotch Drink" or the address to his

"Auld Mare Maggie" could have penned, save as a joke, the following gorgeous preamble to a note thanking a friendly old lady for an order for his poems and an invitation to call on her.

"I am fully persuaded that there is not any class of mankind so feelingly alive to the titillations of applause as the Sons of Parnassus; nor is it easy to conceive how the heart of the poor Bard dances with rapture when those, whose character in life gives them a right to be polite judges, honor him with their approbation."

Mrs. Dunlop's rejoinder to this effusion is lost; but her subsequent letters leave no doubt that she replied to it at length and in true Richardsonian style. Thus began a correspondence which, though it flagged a little occasionally on either hand, ended only with the poet's life. Begun with zeal and industry on both sides, it was carried on for a year or two with zest. It slackened as early as 1789, one or other correspondent keeping silent for a time, Burns being the usual offender, and Mrs. Dunlop growing thereupon reproachful, nay, even angry, once so much so as to send him a curt note written in the third person. That the poet valued his correspondent most highly is clear, and he once assures her, in his usual high-flown (epistolary) style, that her letters form "one of the most supreme of his sublunary enjoyments," and, again, that he would rather have "a sheet of her Prose than a second poem on Achilles by Homer, or an Ode on Love by Sappho"! But there are occasional signs in his letters that there were seasons when even this ineffable "Prose" palled upon the recipient. It is pretty evident here and there that it was not read very carefully, if even at all, which is not altogether unpardonable, since Mrs. Dunlop could be prolix and "preachy," and, when in critical vein, provoking; and the bard had his fits of depression and listlessness. Her wooden strictures on the "undecencies" of "Tam O'Shanter" would have tried the temper of a saint; and she sent the author of "Duncan Gray" and "The Banks of Doon" reams of her own mild poetic chirpings,—"as a child," she modestly (yet expectantly) says, "might scratch mathematical schemes to Sir Isaac Newton." Mrs. Dunlop was a better critic of conduct than of poetry (she counsels her *protégé* to imitate "the chaste Thomson"!), and her advice to Burns as to mending his ways was as uniformly sound as that in regard to mending his verses was the contrary.

After Burns's visit at Dunlop House, toward the close of 1792, the correspondence languished perceptibly, though the letters written show no abatement in cordiality of tone. About two

\* ROBERT BURNS AND MRS. DUNLOP. Correspondence now published in full for the first time. With elucidations by William Wallace. In two volumes, illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

years later, Mrs. Dunlop went up to London, and from that time broke off writing suddenly and unaccountably, and it now appears finally. The Lochryan MSS. go to confirm the charge that she "deserted" Burns before he died, forsook him at the period when he most needed friends and solace. Scott Douglass reckons the term of this "desertion" at "two years"; but the discovery of a letter bearing date January 12, 1795, reduces the period to about eighteen months. But a desertion it was, and, we are constrained to think, an unfeeling one. Mrs. Dunlop was even proof against Burns's dying appeal, written a few days before the end came. With the shadow of death plainly upon him, the poet took up his pen to close forever the correspondence with the friend who had turned unaccountably cold toward him.

"Madam,—I have written you so often without recg. any answer, that I would not trouble you again but for the circumstances in which I am. An illness which has long hung about me in all probability will speedily send me beyond that bourne whence no traveller returns. Your friendship with which for so many years you honored me was a friendship dearest to my soul. Your conversation and especially your correspondence were at once highly entertaining and instructive. With what pleasure did I use to break the seal! The remembrance yet adds one pulse more to my poor palpitating heart!—Farewell!!!"

Mr. Wallace, the present editor, is at some pains to account for, perhaps we may say to palliate, Mrs. Dunlop's course. He ascribes her abandonment of Burns to "inadvertance," which seems to us a rather lenient way of putting it. But there is certainly no direct and sufficient cause of alienation discoverable. The tone of the letter just quoted indicates that Burns himself could have assigned none. There is in it no allusion to or trace of contrition for any past specific act of his that might have led to a breach. His old friend had unaccountably forsaken him, and his heart was sore; that was all. Doubtless, when the grave at last closed over him, and the full pathos and significance of his last words came home to Mrs. Dunlop, she sincerely repented her neglect. Such regrets come in time to most of us, and only those who have felt them know their poignancy. Looking broadly at this whole matter, one is inclined to suspect that at bottom Mrs. Dunlop's cult (it really amounted to that while it lasted) of Burns was more or less of what we now term a fad. The patrician lady (she boasted rather more than the customary "Scotch ell of genealogy") certainly warmly admired the poetic gift of her rustic neighbor; and, as the phrase runs, she "took him up." Doubtless she at first

idealized the author of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and for long but dimly discerned the somewhat gross and earthly side of him. But time and intimacy brought their disillusionments. Mrs. Dunlop was something of a precisian and a stickler for the proprieties; and as Burns the poet merged more and more in her apprehension into Burns the unpolished farmer and loose-living exciseman, her enthusiasm cooled proportionately, and in the end she was not unwilling to "drop" him. She now lives dimly in the memory of man solely by virtue of having known him.

The relation, Mr. Wallace thinks, between Burns and Mrs. Dunlop is unique in literary history. She was not to him what Mme. de Warens was to Rousseau, or what the "divine Emily" was to Voltaire, or what Charlotte von Stein was to Goethe. She seems to have had some notion of playing Lady Hesketh to his Cowper. What she wished to be to him is indicated in an early letter:

"I have been told Voltaire read all his manuscripts to an old woman and printed nothing but what she approved. I wish you would name me to her office."

Burns ("never very amenable to counsel," as he owned) did not accede to this modest request—for which incomppliance posterity may be truly thankful. With all her fondness for criticism, Mrs. Dunlop was not a blue-stocking. Even her spelling (which the editor has left partly uncorrected) leaves on the score of correctness much to be desired. But she knew, as Mr. Wallace notes, her Bible, her Thomson, her Shenstone, her Richardson, and her Fielding; and her interest in literature was keen and unaffected. Judged as compositions, her letters are by no means models of their kind; but they tell us scarcely less of Burns than do Burns's own. Therein lies their value; and whosoever writes of Burns the man hereafter will do well to study them. Apart from the general impression of him one gathers from them, they afford here and there fresh bits of biographical information. One learns, for instance, that Burns might have been a military officer, and alternatively a professor in the University of Edinburgh, and that Adam Smith once thought of making him a Salt Officer in the Customs service at thirty pounds a year. Touching the first possibility, Mrs. Dunlop wrote Burns, February 26, 1787:

"Have your friends been able to point out any future plan for you; or, as Pope said, shall Homer provide for his children; or, if so, in what line would you wish it? I suspect a military one, though without any other reason than the red berries you add to the beautiful garland of

the tenth Muse,\* who, like the tenth wave of her seas, overtops all the rest that went before her."

To this slenderly-based surmise the poet replied:

"Would the profits of that [an edition of his poems then printing] with rapture I would take your hint of a military life, as the most congenial to my feelings and situation of any other, but, 'what is wanting cannot be numbered.'"

In her reply of a week later Mrs. Dunlop, having thought the matter over, proceeded to throw cold water on the not very promising military scheme.

"Indeed in your situation a military line wears several attractions, not wholly to be slighted, but which would be too dearly purchased by laying out your all for an ensign which, when you had it, could not make you happy, placed in a rank you could with difficulty support, unable to assist a mother or a friend with your purse, or comfort them with your presence, harassed and tost about, torn from those you loved, and condemned to a slavish dependence, a subaltern obedience to the capricious orders of petulant, ignorant boys, who, though your inferiors in everything valuable, would despise talents they had not knowledge to discover or taste to relish, and pretend to overlook you were your hair worse drest or your hat worse cocked than their own. Indeed, should any of the nobles of the land present you with a pair of colors, the case would be very different, but I hope and trust you will never think of buying into the army unless you can command at least £250 more than the £400 which is the regulated price. I am sure I am right in this, and, if I saw you, could convince you by a thousand reasons. At any rate the pomp of war is more for poetry than practice, and although warriors may be heroes, peace soldiers are mostly powdered monkeys. So you see, if it will not do, I comfort you like the tod with the sour plums."†

As for the University of Edinburgh professorship, it seems that in 1789 Mrs. Dunlop pressed Burns hard to become an applicant for the new Chair of Agriculture founded by Mr. William Johnstone Pulteney, afterwards Baronet of Westerhall; but the poet hardly appears to have given the project serious thought, believing, as he said, that the post was for him unattainable.

Burns's "religion of the heart" finds new and eloquent expression in several of the Lochryan letters. The following passage occurs in a consolatory note, called forth by the death of Mr. Henri, a son-in-law of Mrs. Dunlop.

"Thomson says finely —

'Attach thee firmly to the virtuous deeds  
And offices of life — to life itself —  
And all its transient joys sit loose.'

And yet, like many other fine sayings, it has, I fear, more of philosophy than human nature in it. Poor David's pathetic cry of grief is much more the language of man: 'O Absalom! My son! My son!' *A world to Come!* is the only genuine balm for an agonizing heart, torn to pieces in the wrench of parting for ever (to mortal view) with friends, inmates of the bosom and dear to

the soul! The most cordial believers in a Future State have ever been the Unfortunate. This of itself; if God is good, which is I think the most intuitive truth in Nature; this very propensity to, and supreme happiness of, depending on a Life beyond Death and the Grave, is a very strong proof of the reality of its existence."

Again, on August 2, 1788, he writes:

"I am in perpetual warfare with that doctrine of our reverend priesthood, that 'we are born into this world bondslaves of iniquity and heirs of perdition, wholly inclined to that which is evil, and wholly disinclined to that which is good, untill by a kind of spiritual filtration or rectifying process called effectual Calling,' etc., the whole business is reversed, and our connections above and below completely change place. I believe in my conscience that the case is just quite contrary. We come into this world with a heart and conscience to do good for it, untill by dashing a large mixture of base alloy called prudence *alias* selfishness, the too precious metal of the soul is brought down to the blackguard sterling of ordinary currency."

To certain familiar letters of Burns's which have been variously interpreted, those of Mrs. Dunlop form in several instances the needed supplement. Supporters of the modern view that Burns was an "inspired faun" and a "lewd peasant of genius" will find their charitable theory controverted in advance in a hitherto unprinted letter from the poet, which may be read in connection with one of Mrs. Dunlop's bluntly informing him that "A gentleman told me with a grave face the other day that you certainly were a sad wretch, that your works were immoral and infamous, that you lampooned the clergy and laughed at the ridiculous parts of religion, and he was told you were a scandalous free-liver in every sense of the word." In one new letter we find the badgered poet defending himself against a charge of writing Fescennine verse:

"I am very sorry that you should be informed of my supposed guilt in composing, in some midnight frolic, a stanza or two perhaps not quite proper for a clergyman's reading to a company of ladies. That I am the author of the verses alluded to in your letter, is what I much doubt. You may guess that the convivial hours of men have their mysteries of wit and mirth; and I hold it a piece of contemptible baseness to detail the sallies of thoughtless merriment or the orgies of accidental intoxication to the ear of cool sobriety or female Delicacy."

There is a touch of unconscious humor in this vindication not unworthy of Richard Swiveller.

Mr. Wallace's editing is of the best sort — vigilant, helpful, and unobtrusive; and the publishers have done their part in a tasteful way. There are frontispiece portraits of Burns and Mrs. Dunlop, together with some interesting facsimiles. Burns students will welcome these comparatively fresh and interesting volumes.

E. G. J.

† "Coila" of "The Vision"; stanzas 9 and 46.

\*The Scotch equivalent of the Fox and the Grapes.



THE MONUMENTS AND ANTIQUITIES  
OF GREECE.\*

Some eight years ago, under the fantastic title of "The Golden Bough," was published a work which immediately took rank as a classic in its special field of comparative mythology and folklore. The author, Mr. J. G. Frazer, has since then devoted the large leisure of a Trinity College fellowship thrice renewed to the completion of what is probably the greatest labor of erudition accomplished by any English scholar of this generation,—a translation of Pausanias, with commentary and indices, in six volumes.

Pausanias travelled through Greece at the time of the Antonines, in the second century, and composed what we may style an ancient Baedeker or Murray, with the qualification that it omits what Mr. Hare calls dull useful information about inns and restaurants, and gives more space to garrulous historical and archaeological disquisition than its modern successors. Pausanias had many predecessors now lost to us. There is still extant, under the name of Dicæarchus, a pupil of Aristotle, a fragment of a lively description of Greece in which Thebes is portrayed with true Attic malice and Tanagra and its worthy farmers are picturesquely extolled. We hear also of numerous special antiquarian treatises, such as Polemo's four books on the offerings of the Acropolis, or the work of Theodorus the Phocæan on the Round Building at Delphi. These and countless other works Pausanias doubtless consulted at one of the great public libraries of the empire, in order to correct and supplement his notes of travel and the dubious erudition of the local guides, who, as a hint of Plutarch informs us, were as pertinacious and voluble in Greece as they are in the Italy of to-day. He was a commonplace but painstaking and conscientious writer, liable now and then to blunder, and incapable of exercising serious scholarly criticism on the vast mass of matter accumulated in his notes. He simply sets down, in a mechanical but convenient topographical order, what he saw and what he heard on the spot or subsequently read about it. His style, Mr. Frazer, who ought to know, characterizes as "loose, clumsy, ill-jointed, ill-compacted, rickety, and ramshackle." These facts have made him a sort of butt of modern German scholarship, which has no tolerance for anything but the loftiest genius and the most

absolute originality. It is assumed in his case, as in that of Cicero, that because the man, like all the rest of us, refreshed his memory with secondary authorities, therefore he never saw the objects he pretends to describe nor read the books from which he quotes. From these exaggerations Mr. Frazer is free. In a closely written introduction, he vindicates by internal evidence, as well as by the excavations of the last three decades, the essential fidelity and correctness of his author, and extracts from his work everything that illustrates the man's intellectual makeup, tastes, and beliefs. The remainder of the bulky first volume is occupied by the excellent translation, which entirely supersedes worthy old Thomas Taylor and the hack-work version in the Bohn's Library. The Greek text, easily accessible in the Trubner edition, is not given; but an appendix to the translation discusses all doubtful passages or important variations.

The imagination is oppressed by the requirements of an exhaustive commentary on Pausanias, whether contemplated as an ideal or in the concrete achievement of Mr. Frazer's two thousand compact pages crammed with the minutest statements of specific fact, vouched for by chapter and verse citation of an appalling mass of technical literature. What Pater says of the Rome of that day is equally applicable to the Greece which Pausanias described. At no period of its history had it been better worth seeing. "As in some vast intellectual museum, all its manifold products were intact and in their places, and with custodians also, still extant, duly qualified to appreciate and explain them. The various work of many ages fell here harmoniously together, as yet untouched save by time." The munificence of Hadrian and Herodes Atticus had endowed Greece with many new structures of utility or splendor; but still, as Plutarch tells us, the bloom of an undying youth dwelt on the creations of Phidias and Ictinus. Still, in many an ancient temple the conical stone or smoke-begrimed wooden images (*xoana*) of primitive feticism, or the rigid faintly smiling figures of infantine Greek art, remained in startling juxtaposition with the masterpieces of Polyclitus and Praxiteles. The old wooden column that testified to the prehistoric origins of Greek architecture still stood beside its fellows of stone in the temple of Hera at Olympia. The quaint pillar-shaped Apollo of Amyclæ still stood on the sofa-like throne which the Magnesians Bathycles decorated for him with the gold of Cræsus. The Olympian

\* PAUSANIAS'S DESCRIPTION OF GREECE. Translated, with a Commentary, by J. G. Frazer. In six volumes, illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.



guides still showed, in the back chamber of the temple of Hera, that miracle of early art, the cedar-wood chest richly wrought with reliefs in ivory and gold, dedicated by the old tyrant Cypselus in commemoration of the chest in which his mother had hidden him from the assassins. The shields of the Spartans captured at Sphacteria were still proudly exhibited on the Acropolis of Athens. The spoils of the barbarian still decorated the national shrine of Delphi, and the three entwined serpents of bronze now at Constantinople still displayed the names of the Greek cities that crushed the Persian at Platea. On the walls of the Cnidian Lesche at Delphi, where the other day the French spade revealed a few bits of stucco painted with bright pigment, the cheeks of Cassandra still glowed rosy in the frescoes of Polygnotus, already as old as the frescoes of Giotto are to us. And though Megalopolis the great city had become "a great wilderness," and teeming Boeotia had been converted into a sheep-walk, the depredations of the *dilettante* proconsuls and emperors of Rome had not yet perceptibly diminished the population of bronze and marble gods, heroes and athletes, that still bore witness of the glory and loveliness that had passed away at Delphi, Olympia, and Athens. The commentator who would resuscitate this vanished world, and, following in Pausanias's footsteps, interpret, correct, and supplement him, must be philologist, topographer, archaeologist, architect, and art critic in one, and must in addition be master of the allied disciplines of Greek history, antiquities, religion, mythology, and folk-lore. He must further be familiar with the results of the excavations of the past thirty years. He must know what the Germans did at Olympia, and what the French are doing at Delphi; what Schliemann and Dörpfeld found at Mycenæ and Tiryns; the work of the British school at Megalopolis, of the American school at Corinth, Argos, Icaria, and Sicyon, of the Greek archaeological society at Eleusis, Epidaurus, and Lycosura,—not the facts only, but the vast literature of interpretation and controversy that has sprung up about them. Every page of Pausanias bristles with special "Fragen," each jealously guarded by a corps of watchful specialists, who from time to time publish pamphlets in which they refute one another and uphold their own ingenious "combinations." And of all these, our commentator must run the gauntlet.

Mr. Frazer modestly disclaims competency in so wide a field, and confesses that he is an

expert in none of the branches of Archæology. But his indefatigable erudition in codifying and his sound judgment in estimating the work of specialists have made him a very passable imitation of an expert in all, and there are few living scholars with whom he could not discuss on equal terms almost any topic in these volumes. To the high authority of Dr. Dörpfeld in all questions of Architecture he shows proper deference, but that he has not altogether abnegated the right of private judgment may be inferred from the observation, "On a question of the state of Athens in the fifth century B. C., I decidedly prefer the evidence of Herodotus and Thucydides to that of Dr. Dörpfeld and Professor von Wilamovitz Möllendorf." More specifically, he rejects Dörpfeld's identification of the fountain Enneacrunus with the meagre cistern in the rock at the foot of the Pnyx, vigorously combats his theory that the pre-Persian temple of Athena on the Acropolis was rebuilt in the face of the Erechtheum and served as the treasury of the goddess, refuses to accept his view of the situation of "Dionysus in the Marshes," dissents from his identification of the Pythium with the Cave of Apollo on the north side of the Acropolis, and approves the arguments of Professor John Williams White against his opinion that the Pelargicum remained a fortress down to the days of Herodes Atticus.

On the vexed question of the high stage, after perusing Dr. Dörpfeld's recent book he still maintains, with the majority of French and English scholars, the traditional view. This debate is fast approaching a dialectical deadlock. On the one hand, we have the intrinsic improbability of a very high stage, and Dr. Dörpfeld's masterly skill in employing his superior knowledge of architecture to explain away everything in the extant remains that to the layman seems to point to its actual existence in the Greek theatre. On the other side, there is the feeling of scholars that it requires a suspicious amount of special pleading to eliminate the high stage from the tradition of antiquity, and the possibility at least of interpreting the extant plays in harmony with the tradition. Mr. Frazer sums up fairly well the usual arguments against Dr. Dörpfeld's view. Like Haigh, he overlooks the fact that the Delian inscription to which he appeals for the identification of the *logeion* with the stage building is a conjectural restoration; and he is mistaken in affirming that the passage in which Lucian describes the ludicrous downfall of an

actor in full tragic toggery necessarily implies a fall from the high stage to the orchestra. But it is obviously impossible to enter upon the detail of Mr. Frazer's notes here.

In the field of anthropology and folklore alone he collects material enough for a respectable volume. Tree worship, the cap of invisibility, miraculous conceptions, the egg in mythology, female kinship, the marriage of the dead, the use of different languages by husband and wife, tribes that abstain from salt, the apple as a love token, the forty-one types of the story of the girl exposed to the dragon, the twenty-eight versions of the tale of the clever thief, divination by "hefting," by water, by lightning, by lizards and livers, the anointing of sacred stones, the clothing, the fettering, and the painting red of sacred images, the use of pigs' blood in purification, cursing as a means of invoking blessings, the beating of the ground to fertilize it, the ceremonial clipping of the hair, serpent worship, prohibition of widows' marriages, the sacrifice of a finger to avert evil,—such are a few of the topics on which he pours forth his copious and exact erudition.

And as we turn the pages, still the wonder grows. Mr. Frazer will explain to you the chemical cause of the rich golden patina on the columns of the Parthenon; the precise difference between the welding and soldering of iron, and why the art of Glaucus must have been the former; the engineering problems involved in the drainage of the Copaic lake; the exploitation of the silver mines of Laurium in ancient and modern times; the geological formation of the Isthmus of Corinth and the digging of the Isthmian canal; the composition of the stucco used by Greek builders; the effect on Greek architecture of the use of unburnt brick; the different shaped clamps used in binding Greek masonry; the early history of the arch and the five styles of masonry that may be distinguished in the walls of Platea; why the ancient *byssos* cannot have been cotton, and the effect of our civil war on the cultivation of cotton in Greece; the nature and origin of amber, etc. He will gossip entertainingly about the fighting cocks of Tanagra, the singing trout of the river Aroanius, which, like Pausanias, he failed to hear, "though he tarried by the river till sunset when they were said to sing loudest"; the earliest known parrots and peacocks; the history of the elephant and the rhinoceros in antiquity; the white blackbirds of Cyllene and the possibility that they were selected by protective resemblance to the mountain snows; the rela-

tion of the pygmies to the dwarfs of central Africa, and a hundred other equally delightful themes. And all this, as well as his more serious discussion of archaeological and historical problems, is relieved by interesting notes of travel and charming descriptions of Greek scenery—the falls of the Styx, the lakes of northern Arcadia, the view from the Acro-Corinthus, the pass of the Tretus, the caves of the Erasinus, the Valley of Sparta, Sicyon, Epidaurus, Troezen Ithome, Bassæ, and Arcadian Aliphera "mountain-built with peaceful citadel."

"Oh settentrional vedovo sito,  
Poi che privato sei di mirar quelle."

An appendix of one hundred and fifty pages apparently brings all this multifarious learning down to date, quoting the journals for 1897 and all the important new books of the year. In renewing our thanks to the author for this splendid gift, we should not forget the publishers, who have merited well of the republic of letters by their willingness to undertake in the cause of learning the immense preliminary expenditure necessarily involved in the careful printing of such a mass of detail, with all the accompanying maps, plans, and illustrations. They seem to have spared no pains to make the work an indispensable thesaurus of knowledge for all who take interest in the geography, the monuments, and the antiquities of Greece.

PAUL SHOREY.

#### WILLIAM MORRIS'S LAST ROMANCES.\*

The work of William Morris has very distinctly gone through a number of phases. The labors of some men strike at the beginning a certain keynote, which is kept without great change to the end. Mr. Swinburne's latest prose and verse follow in the main the directions which his earlier efforts took, and he is to-day, however broadened and deepened, the man who took the world, as it were, by storm. The writer, on the other hand, who produced "The Defence of Guinevere" is very different from the man who produced "The Story of the Glittering Plain" and "The Water of the Wondrous Isles." There has been here not only a deepening of the intellectual life, but a rise into a new and somewhat alien sphere, alien to the dream-like poetry with which he began

\* THE SUNDERING FLOOD. By William Morris. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES. By William Morris. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

his career; and yet there is also a return: the mysticism which marked Morris's first volume, abandoned during his middle years, reappears in the later books.

The life of William Morris presents a tireless energy which converts admiration into its primal element of wonder. He did enough for half a dozen men; indeed, he was not merely one but half a dozen persons. His successes as a decorative artist were sufficient to fill the ambition of a large mind, and yet they were cast into the shade by his purely literary work. This latter also spanned a wider field than most men care to undertake, and still the excellence in diverse ways remains singular and noteworthy.

The early volume of poems, "The Defence of Guinevere," was full of a vague suggestion that gave it a certain indefinable charm, and that yet stood in the way of its general acceptance. "The Life and Death of Jason" fearlessly emerged from this half-darkness, but retained the power of dealing simply and directly with the mysterious, which is found again in so high a degree in the last prose romances. There is no intention here of going through the long catalogue of Morris's works. That has already been done in a previous number of this journal. The purpose is to show rapidly and briefly his progress and unfolding. He has reached the stage when he calls himself the "idle singer of an empty day." "The Earthly Paradise" is filled with an undertone of sadness and resignation; the hopelessness of attempting to deal with riddles which seem more insoluble than ever — the riddles of life and death — pierces through that dazzling array of poems with a strange persistency. The lyrics which introduce the division into months give a modern touch, in contrast and yet in harmony with the old-world stories unrolling before us like pictures on a tapestry. But the emergence from this atmosphere already shows in the work. In "The Lovers of Gudrun" we enter another world, the world of genuine men and women, who have many and grievous ills, who are torn by conflicting emotions and impulses, and who, above all, live, and feel that their lives have purpose and meaning. The clear and invigorating air of the Northern legends seems to have been better and healthier for the heroic lungs of William Morris than the suaver imaginings of warmer climes.

The great "Sigurd the Volsung" combines in itself all the splendid qualities of William Morris's genius. It is, we think, the high-

water mark of his literary productivity. All the great elements of the various versions of the great stories which it tells once more are combined in it. The Völsunga Saga and the Niebelungenlied are laid under contribution; the mysterious is subordinated to the human in it; and the manner of telling has only so much of the archaic as to give remoteness and breadth. The interest in real life pervades it; the heroic in action and the delight of achievement are celebrated in its ringing lines. The poet has come out of the dreamland of "The Earthly Paradise"; if life cannot be understood, it yet affords a large field for the doing of things worthy to be done; and, in the Morality, "Love is Enough," we are told that we may dispense with everything that the world ordinarily esteems, provided we have affection and sympathy and space wherein to labor. This may not be a satisfactory solution of our difficulties, but it is a long advance over the idleness of an empty day. In this connection a word may be interpolated about the translation of the Odyssey and the Æneid and the Norse Sagas. Whatever may be said of them as successes in the impossible art of reproducing a poem in an alien medium, they indisputably have the merit of reading as if they were to the manner born; they are as much a part of English literature as though they had first seen the light of day under the changeable English skies. They add to our impression of the heroic activity of the writer, who could give us these as well as the vast body of his original work. Here is, indeed, an Anglo-Saxon Sigurd with limitless capacity for forging marvels and an unshaken hold upon youth and all that it implies.

This is not the place to say much about Morris's devotion to the cause of socialism; the latter years of his life were intensely given to it, and his prose romances show its influence clearly enough. No doubt these romances sprang out of his Northern studies and his changed outlook upon mankind and the world. The breath of Mediæval Romance is all through them. They point to simpler forms of living, to fellowship in having and doing, to adventures generously pursued for the welfare of the many. They occupy a unique place in the literature of the day, and it is not an easy matter to assign to them the consideration which is their due. Of them all, the first to be published, the "House of the Wolfings," will perhaps command the most general acceptance. The communal life described in that book had doubtless its serious fascination for the author,



and the story is written throughout with unflagging enthusiasm. The motive is simple and inspiring, the series of pictures varied and finished. How far the allegorical tendencies of these romances are to be pushed is a question which hardly calls for a categorical reply. "The Story of the Glittering Plain" lends itself readily to a consistent interpretation which can hardly have been entirely absent from its author's intention. "The Roots of the Mountains" was, we are told, the best of the romances in Morris's opinion. The last of them, "The Sundering Flood," may surely receive a high meed of praise. The allegory, if allegory there be, is not forbidding in its difficulty, nor carried out with undesirable minuteness. The conquest of love and faith over seemingly insuperable obstacles is made plain and convincing; the heroism of Osborne shines like that of Sigurd himself; the counsellor and guide, Steelhead, is not an altogether mysterious personage; and the final return to the simple and wholesome life of the dalesman, from the complications of a civilization not conscious of itself or its needs, points a moral and adorns a tale. With "The Water of the Wondrous Isles" one may perhaps be pardoned for having some questionings; although no one need have any questionings as to the heroine, Birdalone, in her courage and her womanliness. Nor will one have any questionings in regard to the springlike freshness which pervades the entire story, the wealth of incident, the clearness of description, the exhaustless resources of an imagination which knows no such thing as weariness. Still, the voyage from island to island of the wondrous sea has more of the allegorical about it than the sundering flood, and the magical element in the book removes it more from the prosaic sympathies of the day. No one need, however, take the whole as other than it presents itself to be; and then, the narrative is admirable. Through the various trials of inexperience, the girl Birdalone, helped by the mystical wood-mother Habundia, passes, and in her triumphs uplifts with herself all those with whom she comes in contact. The indescribable charm and atmosphere of the art of William Morris are over both books, and one may as well surrender at discretion to that magic and influence.

The founder of the Kelmscott Press would gladly hold in his hand these volumes, such fine exemplars of the printer's art are they. If a good story ought to have a goodly investiture, it has been given in the present instance; and

the fortunate possessor of these romances will not only have two beautiful books, but two happy specimens of the work of a man whose recognition as one of the leaders of his time, and a benefactor of the race, is assured.

LOUIS J. BLOCK.

#### MEXICO THROUGH FRIENDLY EYES.\*

Mr. Lummis is always enthusiastic: he loves or he loves not. And just now his love is Mexico, and in "The Awakening of a Nation" he gives us some striking and suggestive sketches. He sees much to admire in Mexico, and a great part of what he admires is due to Spanish influence. This is unwelcome just now when it is the fad to hate and despise Spain and the Spaniard. But, after all, hatred and contempt alter no facts; and it is true that the Spaniard has been a wonderful explorer, a not unkind conqueror, and a marvellously good governor, more than once.

"His *marca* is upon the faces, the laws, the very landscape. How significant this is, we may better judge when we remember that the Saxon, masterful though he is, has never anywhere achieved these results. He has filled new lands with his speech and his faith (or his lack of it), but only by filling them with his own blood, never by changing the native. The United States, for instance, is of his speech; but what Indian tribe speaks English? In the vastly greater area of Spanish America, every Indian tribe speaks Spanish and has done so for centuries. The Saxon has never impressed his language or his religion upon the people he has overrun."

It was that same Spaniard in America who developed in Mexico a golden age of letters in the sixteenth century, long before Plymouth Rock felt pilgrim footsteps. Mr. Lummis does well to hint at this. "The Bay Psalm-Book" was *not* the first book printed in America, nor were "The Jesuit Relations" the "very first beginnings of American literature." How *naïve* and amusing such claims would be, were they not humiliating evidence of narrow ignorance! The first American books were in Spanish, of course; and they represent a great variety in subject, treatment, and character. Some features of that early literature are most curious. Thus, as Mr. Lummis says:

"Another striking point in the literary history of Mexico — and one wholly without parallel in ours — is this: in the first generation after the Conquest there was already in Mexico a band of Indian authors like Tobar, Zapata, Tezozomoc, Chimalpain, Camargo, Pomar, the

\*THE AWAKENING OF A NATION: MEXICO OF TO-DAY. By Charles F. Lummis. New York: Harper & Brothers.



Ixtlilxochitls, and others, whom no student of Americana can ignore."

How can we fit this with our narrow prejudice: "It is curious to remember that up to 1830 no book was ever so handsomely published in the United States as the Lorenzana edition of the 'Letters of Cortez,' in Mexico in 1770." We have called the sixteenth century a golden age of letters in Mexico. It was such. At that time there was there poetry of a high order; there was history, chronicle, belles-lettres; there was philosophy and theology; there was science — and very creditable science too. The University of Mexico was flourishing and turning out brilliant scholars long before Harvard was dreamed of. Model industrial schools with hundreds of Indian pupils, where not only theory but trades were taught, grew up under devoted friars. Even schools for the careful study of the native Indian tongues existed, and a college of twenty diligent students studying the Otomi language had been established in the Indian town of Huiskelucan.

But Mr. Lummis does not unduly linger over the past. He deals with Mexico of to-day — an awakened nation. One of his first assertions will come with a shock to our prejudice and ignorance. "To-day Mexico is — and I say it deliberately — the safest country in America. Life, property, human rights, are more secure than even with us." This is the Mexico of to-day, not the Mexico of twenty years ago. Few realize the vast changes of a single year in our sister republic. Yet Mr. Lummis's statement might have been made, in fact it was made, years ago. In London, in 1892, I heard a prominent man lecture on Mexico. He said: "Many consider Mexico dangerous, believe that life and property are not secure. I know well all parts of the United States, and do not hesitate to say that life and property are more secure in every part of Mexico than in any of the United States." I felt that this was the rabid utterance of a prejudiced Englishman, — but I did not *then* know Mexico.

Mr. Lummis treats of the natural resources of the country, describes the ferment now leading to their development, and shows how a financial condition which would paralyze us has been to Mexico, with her different conditions, a helpful stimulus. He gives glimpses of the great enterprises now undertaken. The old mining industry, once the great wealth of the country, is still important, but will soon be insignificant when compared with the agricultural, manufacturing, and carrying industries.

He emphasizes, and with the highest justice, the fact that this mighty progress is chiefly due to one person — not only a great Mexican, but a great man — Porfirio Diaz, the President of the Republic. He sketches the romantic career of this man in whose hands the national destiny has so long rested. We do not grudge one word of praise to Diaz; he deserves it. But we might wish that our author had a little more emphasized the work of that inscrutable Indian, Juarez, to whom personally and politically Diaz owes so much.

We will quote but one more passage from our author: it is not simply captious.

"It is notorious to those who know both countries thoroughly, that educated Americans are far more ignorant of Mexico than educated Mexicans are ignorant of the United States. One reason is, doubtless, that we are the more shining mark; but another is that the Latin-American nations have rather different ideas of a diplomatic service. They do not send to any country an ambassador who will be lost there without an interpreter. Even down to consuls, this ridiculous superstition is operative. Men are selected who are at least gentlemen in appearance; who can command the respectful attention of business men; who know how to ask for the information they desire. The result is that Mexico is steadily informed of the moods and needs of this country."

A pity 't is 't is true.

FREDERICK STARR.

#### RECENT BOOKS OF ENGLISH POETRY.\*

It is not often that lovers of literature in its highest forms look forward to the publication of any book with the eagerness that has awaited the appearance of the long-promised volume of poems by Mr.

\*THE COMING OF LOVE, and Other Poems. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. New York: John Lane.

POEMS. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD, and Other Poems. By William Watson. New York: John Lane.

THE EARTH BREATH, and Other Poems. By A. E. New York: John Lane.

POEMS OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. By Sir George Douglas, Bart. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

ADMIRALS ALL, and Other Verses. By Henry Newbolt. New York: John Lane.

THE FAIRY CHANGELING, and Other Poems. By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). New York: John Lane.

FROM THE HILLS OF DREAM. Mountain Songs and Island Runes. By Fiona Macleod. Edinburgh: Patrick Geddes & Colleagues.

IRELAND, with Other Poems. By Lionel Johnson. Boston: Copeland & Day.

POEMS. By William Ernest Henley. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A SELECTION FROM THE POEMS OF MATHILDE BLIND. Edited by Arthur Symonds. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

POEMS BY THE LATE JOHN LUCAS TUPPER. Selected and edited by William Michael Rossetti. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Theodore Watts-Dunton. His occasional contributions of verse to "The Athenæum," together with the few pieces that have already found their way into the anthologies, have served to whet to a keen edge the interest of literary students, who have long felt it a wrong to letters that a poet of such extraordinary critical acumen and technical mastery of the art of rhythmical expression should remain unknown save to the few who had tracked him to his haunts. Two or three years ago, the announcement was made that his poems were at last to be produced by his friend William Morris in a Kelmscott volume, and the interest of book-lovers was all agog at the prospect. The untimely death of Morris put an end to this project, and affected Mr. Watts-Dunton in a way of which he must be allowed to speak for himself. "Among the friends who saw much of that great poet and beloved man during the last year of his life, there was one who would not and could not believe that he would die — myself. To me he seemed human vitality concentrated to a point of quenchless light; and when the appalling truth that he must die did at last strike through me, I had no heart and no patience to think about anything in connection with him but the loss that was to come upon us." The next year, nevertheless, the writer put forth in a thin booklet his superb "Jubilee greeting at Spithead to the Men of Greater Britain," a poem which gives impassioned embodiment to the patriotic sentiment of the occasion by which it was inspired, and which is equalled — we hardly dare to say surpassed — only by the "Recessional" of Mr. Kipling. This publication gave us at least a foretaste of what might be expected from "The Coming of Love, and Other Poems," the volume which has at last seen the light. It is safe to say that this volume is one of the strongest and most original contributions to literature that have been made of recent years, and that there is no living English poet — save only Mr. Swinburne — from whose hands we might expect a gift of greater and more lasting value. Mr. Watts-Dunton drinks from his own glass, which is both wide-brimmed and ample; and his utterance, whatever may be its subject, has the touch of high distinction that marks the difference between the artists and the mechanics of verse. In its choice of subject, indeed, the art of the poet is put to the severest of tests in the titular poem, which fills about a third of the volume, and is a sequence of sonnets, lyrics, and dramatic episodes which tell of the poet's love for the gypsy maiden Rhona. This maiden is absolutely unlettered and much of the story is told in her own words, including a plentiful infusion of Romany vocabularies and uncouth English phrases. No more unpromising material than this could well be imagined, yet the result impresses the reader first and last as poetry of a high order. Let us quote two stanzas from Rhona's letter to her absent lover.

"She sez, 'The whinchat soon wi' silver throat  
Will meet the stonechat in the buddin' whin,  
And soon the blackcap's airlied gillie 'ull float

From light-green boughs through leaves a-peepin' thin;  
The wheat-ear soon 'ull bring the willow-wren,  
And then the fust fond nightingale 'ull follow,  
A-callin' 'Come, dear,' to his laggin' hen  
Still out at sea, 'the spring is in our glen;  
Come, darlin', wi' the comin' o' the swallow.'"

"The thought on't makes the snow-drifts o' December  
Shine gold,' I sez, 'like daffodils o' spring  
Wot wait beneath: he's comin', puppe, remember;  
If not — fer me no singin' birds 'ull sing:  
No choring chiriklo 'ull hold the gale  
Wi' 'Cuckoo, cuckoo,' over hill and hollow;  
There 'll be no crakin' o' the meadow-rail,  
There 'll be no 'Jug-jug' o' the nightingale,  
For her wot waits the comin' o' the swallow.'"

"The Coming of Love" as a whole is difficult to characterize. It is too episodic to form a continuous story, yet it has emotional unity, and this tragedy of the soul, passing from the careless joy of the years "before the coming of love" into the rapturous days when "natura benigna" is the watchword of the world, and through these to dark days of suffering with their sinister vision of "natura maligna," winning at the end a passionless and transcendental peace, seems to offer a typical portrayal of the pilgrim's progress of the inner life. And scattered through it all are such unforgettable verses as

"Song leaps from deeps unplumbed by spoken word,"

and

"If heaven's bright halls are very far from sea,  
I dread a pang the angels could not 'suage,'"

and

"Love is still his own orthographer  
As when on scriptured leaves of asphodel  
He taught his earliest pupil, Eve, to spell,"

and

"From that dear harp, her heart, whose chords are love,"

and

"Though Love be mocked by Death's obscene derision,  
Love still is Nature's truth and Death her lie,"

and, most wonderful of all, the "First Kiss" sonnet, long familiar to all who treasure the purest gold of English poetry, yet which we venture to quote for the sheer pleasure of transcription.

"If only in dreams may Man be fully blest,  
Is heaven a dream? Is she I clasped a dream?  
Or stood she here even now where dew-drops gleam  
And miles of furze shine yellow down the West?  
I seem to clasp her still — still on my breast  
Her bosom beats: I see the bright eyes beam.  
I think she kiss'd these lips, for now they seem  
Scarce mine: so hallow'd of the lips they press'd.  
Yon thicket's breath — can that be eglantine?  
Those birds — can they be Morning's choristers?  
Can this be Earth? Can these be banks of furze?  
*Like burning bushes fired of God they shine!*  
I seem to know them, though this body of mine  
Passed into spirit at the touch of hers!"

The verse which we have ventured to italicize would not be easy to match, even in the greatest of our poets. The remaining contents of this volume include, besides the miscellaneous section, the poem called "Christmas at the Mermaid," a lyrical rosary whose beads are told by Jonson and Raleigh and Drayton and "W. H.," singing now the praises of the friend who has lately left London for the quiet

of Stratford, now the glories of English patriotism as illustrated by the repulse of the Armada, and all the great deeds that were still thrilling in English souls. The miscellaneous pieces are mostly sonnets, and nearly all of them are of an occasional or personal character. They establish beyond cavil the place of their author among the great English sonnet-writers, a place beside Milton and Keats and Wordsworth and Rossetti. It is hard to choose among poems of such beauty and distinction, but perhaps the sonnet-sequence "What the Silent Voices Said," inspired by the funeral of Tennyson, may be taken as the high-water mark of the poet's achievement in this sort of memorial verse. Of the six sonnets thus linked together, we quote the last.

"Beyond the sun, beyond the furthest star,  
Shines still the land which poets still may win  
Whose poems are their lives — whose souls within  
Hold naught in dread save Art's high conscience-bar —  
Who have for muse a maiden free from scar —  
Who know how beauty dies at touch of sin —  
Who love mankind, yet, having gods for kin,  
Breathe, in Life's wood, zephyrs from climes afar.  
Heedless of phantom Fame — heedless of all  
Save pity and love to light the life of Man —  
True poets work, winning a sunnier span  
For Nature's martyr — Night's ancestral thrall:  
True poets work, yet listen for the call  
Bidding them join their country and their clan."

Two sonnets, one addressed to Mrs. Garfield in the hour of her great sorrow, the other "To Britain and America" on the death of Lowell, have a peculiar interest to American readers, and no generous American can be deaf to the appeal of such lines as these:

"How shall ye honor him whose spirit stands  
Between you still? — keep Love's bright sails afloat,  
For Lowell's sake, where once ye strove and smote  
On waves that must unite, not part, your strands."

During the past few weeks the name of Mr. Stephen Phillips has become, in certain critical quarters at least, one to conjure with. The loud acclaim which has greeted his recent volume of "Poems," coupled with the notoriety attendant upon his exploitation by a self-constituted English "Academy," have together made his name familiar to a great many readers. The thin volume by which the extravagant claims made for Mr. Phillips by his sponsors must either be justified or fall to the ground is now before us, and the question becomes pertinent whether he has really achieved greatness or merely had it thrust upon him by over-zealous friends. When we remember the sort of thing that even so sane and conservative a critic as R. H. Hutton not so long ago said in "The Spectator" about the then newly-discovered poet of "Wordsworth's Grave," we are at least given pause at sound of the praise that has been heaped upon Mr. Phillips, and made to realize the unwisdom of a stampeded judgment. Some degree of suspicion is justifiable under these circumstances, and it is therefore something of a surprise to find the work of Mr. Phillips on the whole so admirable. It is of very uneven quality, indeed, and such poems as "The Wife" and "The Woman with the Dead Soul," which have been sin-

gled out for special praise, do not impress us as being quite deserving of it. Mr. William Watson has recently dissented from this critical acclaim, pointing out very justly that a great theme is as important as noble treatment in the making of tragedy. There is, of course, a question-begging element in this criticism, for the human soul may rise to grandeur in the most humble or sordid environment; but at least the poet should not emphasize, as Mr. Phillips seems to do, the prosaic surroundings of the women whose tragedy is portrayed in these two poems. As Mr. Ruskin has said more than once, the dying-out of the soul within a man or a woman is an awful thing, fit for the most tragic contemplation; but the effect may be spoiled by an excess of realism in the treatment. At least the realism should be spiritual rather than material, a truth that Mr. Phillips seems not to have grasped in writing the poem with which his volume opens. Yet, for all this defect, there are wonderful things in the poem, particularly these lines descriptive of the dying soul's last moments of hectic life.

"For not at once, not without any strife,  
It died; at times it started back to life,  
Now at some angel evening after rain,  
Built like early Paradise again,  
Now at some flower, or human face, or sky,  
With silent tremble of infinity,  
Or at some waft of fields in midnight sweet,  
Or soul of summer down in the dark street."

There are exquisite things, too, in the "Christ in Hades" phantasy, by which Mr. Phillips first made himself known a year or more ago, and which comes at the close of the present collection. But our highest praise and remaining space must be reserved for "Marpessa," a poem which could hardly have been written had it not been for Tennyson's "Tithonus," which is constantly awakening echoes of the great singers of the past, yet has so distinctive a beauty of its own that we should mourn indeed were it to be lost out of the treasury of our literature. "Marpessa, being given by Zeus her choice between the god Apollo and Idas a mortal, chose Idas" — such is the descriptive legend which introduces us to the poem. Here is the plea of Idas for the love of Marpessa, a passage of such perfect beauty as to need no commentary.

"I love thee then

Not only for thy body packed with sweet  
Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,  
That jar of violet wine set in the air,  
That palest rose sweet in the night of life;  
Nor for that stirring bosom all besieged  
By drowsing lovers, or thy perilous hair;  
Nor for that face that might indeed provoke  
Invasion of old cities; no, nor all  
Thy freshness stealing on me like strange sleep.  
Not for this only do I love thee, but  
Because Infinity upon thee broods;  
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.  
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say  
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell;  
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,  
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.  
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,  
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;  
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,



It has been died for, though I know not when,  
It has been sung of, though I know not where.  
It has the strangeness of the luring West,  
And of sad sea-horizons; beside thee  
I am aware of other times and lands,  
Of birth far-back, of lives in many stars.  
O beauty lone and like a candle clear  
In this dark country of the world! Thou art  
My woe, my easy light, my music dying."

Even the god cannot match the eloquence of this appeal, and the maiden makes choice of the mortal. The lot of Tithonus seems to her far less desirable than the lot of human lovers who grow old together, in whom passion of youth becomes transmuted into the calm affection of maturity.

"So shall we live.  
And though the first sweet sting of love be past,  
The sweet that almost venom is, though youth,  
With tender and extravagant delight,  
The first and secret kiss by twilight hedge,  
The insane farewell repeated o'er and o'er,  
Pass off; these shall succeed a faithful peace;  
Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,  
Durable from the daily dust of life."

The poem which contains these passages, and others of almost equal beauty, constitutes a real addition to English song, and makes us exceedingly hopeful of the writer's future.

We have given up hoping for great things from Mr. William Watson. He has a considerable talent for serious verse of the higher imitative order, but that talent was displayed almost if not quite as fully in his first volume as in any succeeding one. "The Hope of the World" is the eighth collection of original verse that he has put forth, and is, like its predecessors, a curious mixture of strength with weakness, of intellectual passion with mere rhetorical froth. For one thing, Mr. Watson cannot get rid of the self-consciousness that even here, in his latest volume, prompts him to describe himself as

"Singing a nation's woe, in wonder and ire,  
Against me half the wise and all the great."

One of the most unfortunate things about Mr. Watson's verse is that it so often inevitably invites comparison with the greatest achievements of English song, and naturally to its discomfiture. Readers of "Hellas, Hell!" cannot help thinking of the glorious lyrical outburst of another "Hellas," while the poem to "The Unknown God" deliberately challenges comparison with Mr. Kipling's magnificent "Recessional." Whatever may be the philosophical justification for the intellectual attitude of this invocation, the poverty of its form is evident enough when we put by the side of the poorest of Mr. Kipling's stanzas such a passage as the following:

"Best by remembering God, say some,  
We keep our high imperial lot.  
Fortune, I fear, hath ofteneest come  
When we forgot — when we forgot!"

We cannot ignore a contrast thus forced upon our attention, and the pale abstractions of Mr. Watson's verses make but a poor showing by the side of the rich imagery and the religious passion of Mr. Kipling's hymn. In this as in his other volumes Mr.

Watson is at his best when he essays some bit of spiritual portraiture, as in these "Jubilee Night" verses:

"Long watched I, and at last to the sweet dale  
Went down, with thoughts of two great women, thoughts  
Of two great women who have ruled this land;  
Of her, that mirrored a fantastic age,  
The imperious, vehement, abounding spirit,  
Mightily made, but gusty as those winds,  
Her wild allies that broke the spell of Spain;  
And her who sways, how silently! a world  
Dwarfing the glorious Tudor's queenliest dreams;  
Who, to her wellnigh more than mortal task,  
Hath brought the strength-in-sweetness that prevails,  
The regal will that royally can yield:  
Mistress of many peoples, heritress  
Of many thrones, wardress of many seas;  
But destined, more melodiously than thus,  
To be hereafter and forever hailed,  
When our imperial legend shall have fired  
The lips of sage and poet, and when these  
Shall, to an undispersing audience, sound  
No accepted name so winningly august  
As Thine, my Queen, Victoria the Beloved!"

The poet of "Homeward Songs by the Way" has endeared himself to the lovers of contemplative verse, and his new volume will meet an appreciative welcome from readers whose souls are attuned to the elusive harmonies of his soft and dreamy measures. In "The Earth Breath, and Other Poems" Celtic color and glamour are blent with a strain of oriental mysticism, and the product is exquisitely imaginative and tender. It is indeed a "fountain of shadowy beauty" (to quote one of the happiest titles of the volume) whose springs are at the command of this fine spirit, but the passion is no less deep for being veiled in these subtle mists of delicate imagery. Let us reproduce one of the simpler lyrics.

"Image of beauty, when I gaze on thee,  
Trembling I waken to a mystery.  
How through one door we go to life or death  
By spirit kindled or the sensual breath.

"Image of beauty, when my way I go;  
No single joy or sorrow do I know:  
Elate for freedom leaps the starry power,  
The life which passes mourns its wasted hour.

"And, ah, to think how thin the veil that lies  
Between the pain of hell and paradise!  
Where the cool grass my aching head embowers  
God sings the lovely carol of the flowers."

Lovelier than these verses, if such a thing be possible, are the stanzas which dedicate the volume to Mr. W. B. Yeats.

"I thought, beloved, to have brought to you  
A gift of quietness and ease and peace,  
Cooling your brow as with the mystic dew  
Dropping from twilight trees.

"Homeward I go not yet; the darkness grows;  
Not mine the voice to still with peace divine:  
From the first fount the stream of quiet flows  
Through other hearts than mine.

"Yet of my night I give to you the stars,  
And of my sorrow here the sweetest gains,  
And out of hell, beyond its iron bars,  
My scorn of all its pains."

The "Poems of a Country Gentleman" are simple and sincere exercises in verse, reflecting the moods



of a recluse and a lover of nature. The pretty fancy embodied in the lines entitled "On the Roman Wall" may serve to illustrate this writer's quality. The flower in question is a corydalis, a native of the Campagna.

"Fair, simply-blowing floweret wild,  
Small, short-lived star of earth,  
Thou, like some gypsy-stolen child,  
Art here of alien birth—

"(Here, where the grassy mound I trace,  
Green foss and ruin'd wall,  
That tells me of a conquering race  
And the proud conqueror's fall.)

"For, musing here on Hadrian's dyke,  
How far away seems Rome!  
And I, to find elsewhere thy like,  
Must seek it there, at home.

"How camest thou thence? from that bright land  
March'd legions in array;  
But whose the soft and gentle hand  
That brought the flower away?

"Sick of the time and all its fears,  
Did some Italian maid,  
Watering thee oft with secret tears,  
Nurse thee thro' sun and shade?"

Mr. Newbolt's "Admirals All" has had a marked popular success in England, and the reason is not far to seek. These lyrics are of sufficiently stirring quality, and sufficiently filled with the pride of English achievements in warfare, to make them highly acceptable to readers of the indiscriminating sort. Technically, they are very faulty, but few readers care anything for such a matter when they can get the sort of thing that here follows:

"Splinters were flying above, below,  
When Nelson sailed the Sound:  
'Mark you, I would n't be elsewhere now,'  
Said he, 'for a thousand pound!'  
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,  
But he wickedly wagged his head:  
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,  
And 'I'm damned if I see it!' he said.

"Admirals all, they said their say  
(The echoes are ringing still).  
Admirals all, they went their way  
To the haven under the hill.  
But they left us a kingdom none can take—  
The realm of the circling sea—  
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,  
And the Rodneys yet to be."

The Celtic imagination, so rich in color, so passionate in utterance, and so devoid of real intellectual content, glows in the ballads and lyrics of Mrs. Shorter, and lends them at least a transient beauty, although their spell is dissolved by the corrosive touch of analysis. The most characteristic of these pieces are the ballads, to which a brief quotation would hardly do justice; we must, then, perforce select for our example one of the simpler lyrics, and "Wishes" will do as well as another for the purpose.

"I wish we could live as the flowers live,  
To breathe and to bloom in the summer and sun:  
To slumber and sway in the heart of the night,  
And to die when our glory had done.

"I wish we could love as the bees love,  
To rest or to roam without sorrow or sigh:  
With laughter, when, after the wooer had won,  
Love flew with a whispered good-bye.

"I wish we could die as the birds die,  
To fly and to fall when our beauty was best:  
No trammels of time on the years of our face;  
And to leave but an empty nest."

The peculiarly Celtic qualities of Mrs. Shorter's verse reappear in the collected poems of Miss Fiona Macleod, but touched with a finer art and glowing with a richer passion. These are indeed "Songs from the Hills of Dream," and the light that is upon them never shone upon earth's landscape, save to the spiritual vision. No unpurged eye may view "The Rose of Flame," but to the poet it is truer than truth itself.

"Oh, fair immaculate rose of the world, rose of my dream,  
my Rose!  
Beyond the ultimate gates of dream I have heard thy mystical  
call:

It is where the rainbow of hope suspends and the river of  
rapture flows—

And cool sweet dew from the wells of peace forever fall."

The thought of a peace "beyond these voices" seems to brood over the writer's imagination, again and again inspiring such a strain as the above, or as is found in these stanzas:

"It lies not on the sunlit hill  
Nor on the sunlit plain:  
Nor ever on any running stream  
Nor on the unclouded main—

"But sometimes, through the Soul of Man,  
Slow moving o'er his pain,  
The moonlight of a perfect peace  
Floods heart and brain."

One or two extracts do scant justice to the rare and exquisite beauty of these songs and lyrical ballads; one must become steeped in them to get their full effect, and for this nothing less than the volume itself will suffice.

In Mr. Lionel Johnson's new volume we have still another example of the Celtic spirit reascent, but the work is in this case tempered by broad intellectual culture, and is no less rich in content than in color. The noble ode to Ireland, which stands in the forefront of the collection, is at once passionate and austere, the utterance of a Celt with a wider than the Celtic outlook. One stanza may be given to illustrate the form and spirit of this fine poem.

"Proud and sweet habitation of thy dead!  
Throne upon throne; its thrones of sorrow filled;  
Prince on prince coming with triumphant tread,  
All passion, save the love of Ireland, stilled,  
By the forgetful waters they forget  
Not thee, O Inisfail!  
Upon thy fields their dreaming eyes are set,  
They hear thy winds call ever through each vale.  
Visions of victory exalt and thrill  
Their hearts' whole hunger still:  
High beats their longing for the living Gael."

It is not every Irishman who could write of Cromwell in the spirit of Mr. Johnson's poem upon the death of the Protector, from which we take the opening and closing stanzas:

"Now, on his last of ways,  
The great September star,  
That crowned him on the days  
Of Worcester and Dunbar,  
Shines through the menacing night afar.

"Nay, peace for ever more!  
O martyred souls! He comes,  
Four conquered conqueror:  
No trappings now, nor drums,  
Are his, who wrought your martyrdoms.

"Fragile, triumphant form,  
He comes to your dim ways,  
Comes upon wings of storm:  
Greet him, with pardoning praise,  
With marvelling awe, with equal gaze!"

Fervent hymns of the faith in Latin and English, fragments of liturgical adaptation, poems of persons, memories, and occasions, all imbued with lofty and sincere thought and emotion, are offered by this memorable volume, which fully establishes the author's position among the best of living English poets.

There is nothing new in the collective issue of Mr. Henley's "Poems," but lovers of what is best in recent English song will welcome this definitive and corrected edition of a poet who has always written with rare sincerity, and has ever been unwilling to derogate, for the sake of mere popularity, from high and worthy ideals of his art. An introductory note explains why a single volume of no great dimensions is ample to contain the poetical product of a quarter of a century. "Small as is this book of mine, it is all in the matter of verse that I have to show for the years between 1872 and 1897. A principal reason is that, after spending the better part of my life in the pursuit of poetry, I found myself (about 1877) so utterly unmarketable that I had to own myself beaten in art, and to addict myself to journalism for the next ten years." There are defeats that are better than victories, of which truth our time has offered no better example than the author of the lines

"I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul."

Mr. Henley's utterance is as strongly individual as that of Mr. Meredith, for example, but is not affected by the pronounced mannerisms that often make that poet so grotesquely unreadable. A striking portrait, from the bust by Rodin, provides this welcome volume with a frontispiece.

"A Selection from the Poems of Mathilde Blind," made by the loving hands of Mr. Arthur Symonds, preserves in one small volume all that is likely to be remembered of the lyric output of that great-hearted woman. Poet in a high sense she was not, yet the emotion that throbbed so intensely in her life and is reflected in these pages cannot leave the reader unaffected by its glow. Here is a tender song than which nothing lovelier came from her pen and heart:

"Thou walkest with me as the spirit-light  
Of the hushed moon, high o'er a snowy hill,  
Walks with the houseless traveller all the night,  
When trees are tongueless and when mute the rill.  
Moon of my soul, O phantom of delight,  
Thou walkest with me still.

"The vestal flame of quenchless memory burns  
In my soul's sanctuary. Yea, still for thee  
My bitter heart hath yearned, as moonward yearns  
Each separate wave-pulse of the clamorous sea:  
My Moon of love, to whom for ever turns  
The life that aches through me."

Very typical of our transition age are these outpourings of a soul that clings passionately to the substance of a faith whose forms and formulæ have become outworn. The old wine is too precious to be spilled, yet the new bottles for its preserving have not yet come from the mould. The mood is one that has not found complete reconciliation with philosophy, and which accepts with something less than perfect resignation the ideal of "Nirvana." If at one moment it can say,

"Enter thy soul's vast realm as Sovereign Lord,  
And, like that angel with the flaming sword,  
Wave off life's clinging hands. Then chains will fall  
From the poor slave of self's hard tyranny—  
And Thou, a ripple rounded by the sea,  
In rapture lost be lapped within the All,"

at another it is constrained to exclaim,—

"But when resurgent from the womb of night  
Spring's Oriflamme of flowers waves from the sod;  
When peak on flashing Alpine peak is trod  
By sunbeams on their missionary flight;  
When heaven-kissed earth laughs, garmented in light;—  
That is the hour in which I miss my God."

The name of Tupper has not hitherto been one with which to conjure in English literature, but it now wins a new association through Mr. W. M. Rossetti, who has edited the posthumous verse of his old friend John Lucas Tupper. The author of this verse lived from 1826 to 1879, was a sculptor first and a draftsman afterwards, was acquainted with the P. R. B., and published several poems in "The Germ." These are now reprinted, together with perhaps fifty pieces left in manuscript. They at least justify publication, and perhaps more than that. They have quaintness, vivid imagination, romantic feeling, and an occasional touch of poignant sincerity. The latter quality, at least, appears in the first lines of the poem called "Aliens."

"Love, when I meet thee face to face,  
I feel thou art not of my race;  
I know thy language is not mine,  
Or only so in the hollow sign  
The lips make. Of my world of things  
Thou hast no care or questionings,  
Nor I of thine.

"What words are said between us twain  
I strive to recollect, in vain.  
Such merest sound the words we say,  
Our souls might be in separate spheres  
That own another night and day;  
Thy smile, God knows, may count for tears!"

Mr. Rossetti finds the salient characteristics of his friend's verse to be an acute susceptibility to impressions, a true lyrical impetus, a certain comic feeling, and a repugnance to some aspects of modernism. The slender volume in which these qualities are displayed is one to be read with pleasure, and to stand in a niche of its own in the temple of minor Victorian verse.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

## BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*In explanation  
of the French  
Republic.*

What heightens our interest in any description of the present French Republic is the nature of the issues at stake during the first twenty years of its history. No mere question of tariffs or finance, important as these may be, separated the parties. It was the more fundamental problem of the organization of the powers of the central government. This has been the dominant political question since the Empire, for the social and administrative organization which France now possesses has been undisturbed by all the minor revolutionary shocks. Baron de Coubertin, the author of "The Development of France under the Third Republic" (Crowell), is therefore particularly fortunate in his subject. He is also the first to present in English an adequate treatment of it. If he has not been altogether happy in the use of his opportunity, it is not because his book is weakened by erroneous views, but because of his tendency to become Delphic the moment he reaches a difficult question. For instance, when he discusses the position of the Senate in relation to the responsibility of ministers, he takes refuge in phraseology so vague that a page of interpretation is needed before the reader, who goes to the book for instruction, may comprehend what it is all about. The volume gains in definiteness as the narrative proceeds. When the author reaches the history of the Ferry ministry, his account becomes clear and straightforward. Later, nevertheless, in the chapter on the Colonies, the trouble begins again, and he seems to be making passes in the air instead of reaching the heart of the subject. We are assured in the Introduction, by no less an authority than Dr. Albert Shaw, that the author is the Tocqueville of the present day. This does not seem to argue a fitting appreciation of either that famous Frenchman's matter or style. Would Tocqueville have ascribed such wonderful powers to the statesmen of the Constituent Assembly as to assert in the same sentence that these gentlemen "chopped down" monarchical institutions and "gave birth" to the Constitution of 1791? Does not Baron de Coubertin's sentimentality get the better of his sense of humor when he eulogizes the Republic for giving the French army the Russian army as its "sister"? It is a possibility that the translator may be partly responsible for the tone of many similar sentences, especially the one which affirms that the French met the attacks of the German press "with every appearance of the most haughty calm." Baron de Coubertin is a critic favorable to the Republic, and evidently believes in its stability. His account of the reconciliation of the Church and the Republic is clear and sufficiently detailed, but it is half spoiled by a sermon which he has attached to it on the nature of religion, remarking by the way that the French are generally too "superior" to feel the need of worship, although "the Gallic soul is captivated by death, and takes pleasure in contemplating, during a joyous life, the dis-

quieting and grand perspectives of the world beyond." One of the most interesting suggestions in this book is the theory that the Exposition of 1889 restored confidence in the Republic, and brought France safely through the crisis of discontent symbolized in the Boulanger episode. "So it came to pass," says the author, "that, by virtue of having tasted for the space of several months the very great and very noble joy of commanding the attention of the world, the French citizen set to reading over with care the ballot which was slipped into his hand, and when he had read it he flung it aside and took another."

*Man and his  
fellow-animals.*

It is to be hoped that the forbidding title of a recent work by Mr. E. P. Evans, "Evolutional Ethics and Animal Psychology" (Appleton), will not prevent the general reader from turning the pages of the volume sufficiently to convince him that the book is one of great interest, and in style and treatment is addressed to a popular *clientèle*. Evolutional ethics is the story of the development of the relation between man and the animal world; and a very interesting story it is. The conception of ethical relations as involving the rights of others is at first narrow, and only gradually broadens with the broadening influences of civilization. At first the tribe marks the horizon of ethical duties, and members of other tribes are enemies without rights or fellowship. Patriotism substitutes a wider field of ethical activity, and the recognition of a common humanity emphasizes and modifies the rights of all men. Survivals of the outgrown traits are, however, not difficult to find. The English boor who is ever ready to "leave 'arf a brick" at a stranger, as well as the innkeeper of whatever nationality who regards it as proper to impose upon the stranger within his gates, are not isolated instances. The enlargement of altruistic tendencies gradually encompasses the animal world, until to-day statutes and customs, societies for the protection of animals, and hospitals for the care of the decrepit, are regarded as the natural provisions of an enlightened community. It is not, however, so much the ethical as the anthropological interest which sustains the attractiveness of this story. The shifting of theory and attitude according to the conception of animal nature that was dominant at different times unfolds a suggestive panorama. The overweening conceit of man that made him regard his world as the centre of the universe, and the spot where he dwells as the middle of the earth, makes him look upon all the animal creation as serving his uses. Hence the degradation of animals and the exaltation of man. The primitive doctrine of metempsychosis, however, acts just the other way. Souls migrate, and human souls may pass into animal bodies, and *vice versa*. Hence, animals are to be revered, protected, and held sacred. In the orient, this doctrine has been very influential and has dictated a humane treatment of the dumb creation. But the final step in the recognition of



animal rights is the scientific one. Evolution has shown that men and animals have much in common, and the recognition of this community inevitably results in humane treatment. Not only in bodily structure, but in mental endowment are animals akin to men; and thus the study of animal psychology gives rise to evolutionary ethics. Such is the interesting story attractively told in this volume. For the animal psychology, less commendation can be offered. The stories of sagacious doings of animals are valuable only when carefully analyzed and critically interpreted. The present collection evidences the author's high opinion of the minds of animals, but it carries little proof to others. There is too much reading in of human motives and ways of thinking into animal doings. As a contribution to psychology, the volume is weak; as a contribution to the anthropological history of the relation of man to beast, it is alike valuable and readable.

*Modern democracy  
and its tendencies.*

"Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy" (Houghton) is the collective title of a sheaf of thoughtful and well-timed essays on topics of current public interest by Mr. E. L. Godkin the accomplished editor of the New York "Evening Post." With the author's journalistic writings most of our readers are doubtless familiar. In the present volume the opportunity is given of contrasting Mr. Godkin the caustic and somewhat dogmatic editorial writer who draws his customary inspiration from such rasping themes as Platt and Tamm and the Jingo and the "good Americans," with Mr. Godkin the publicist who surveys the phenomena of democracy with the serene and philosophical eye of a Lecky or a Tocqueville. So far as we have discovered in these essays, Mr. Godkin does not once lose his temper therein or yield to his alleged besetting propensity to scold. He shows that in his more philosophical moods he can view with a lenient and even an indulgent eye the ways peculiar to his adopted fellow countrymen. More than once he is on the verge of praising us, of discerning a clear roseate streak of hope on the horizon of our national future. In fine, while the constant reader of Mr. Godkin's editorials might be led to infer therefrom that in the author's opinion this country is on the whole in a pretty bad way, such is not the impression to be gained from the clear and scholarly little volume before us. It bids us hope—and now we shall all doubtless proceed to do so. Mr. Godkin's aim in the present volume is not to describe democracy—"something which," he says, with characteristic modesty, "has been done by abler hands than mine"—but to point out "some of the departures it has made from the ways which its earlier promoters expected it to follow." As he points out, democracy has pretty generally done precisely the unexpected and the unpredicted thing. It has not, it is especially encouraging to note, shown that inability to correct its mistakes which recent writers have assumed. It is not very teachable by philosophers and jurists, and most of its legislation

has hitherto been "mere groping"; but "experience is a master from whose chastening rod none can escape." To suppose, Mr. Godkin concludes, democracy "will not learn through mishaps and miscarriages would be to despair of the human race, for it is from suffering or failure that we have got most of the good things in civilization. The great, perhaps the only, mistake optimists appear to make is, as I have said, the mistake of thinking there are short cuts to political happiness." Mr. Godkin's style is terse and clear, and the papers in this collection—treating such subjects as "Equality," "The Nominating System," "The Decline of Legislatures," "Peculiarities of American Municipal Government," etc.—show both philosophic breadth and close special knowledge.

*Metaphysics and  
Psychology.*

The careful analyses of critical thought and the off-hand decisions of popular judgment frequently lead to opposite results. The sun appears to rotate about the earth; but it can be proved that the reverse is true. Thus, "things are not what they seem," and this fact, in some of its tendencies and relations, is the burden of metaphysics. Especially is this true of the ultimate justification and explanation of the relations between subject and object, which is the service that metaphysics is called upon to perform for psychology. Professor Alfred H. Lloyd has given this problem a suggestive and timely setting in a volume which he entitles "Dynamic Idealism," an elementary course in the metaphysics of psychology (McClurg). The dominant tone of the thesis is that ideas are not forms but forces; that active relations, not classified elements, make up the content of things in their various relations to one another and to man. The development of this conception cannot readily be outlined; interested readers, who are prepared to follow with effort a detailed argument, may be referred to the original. Such readers, however, are not many; and in spite of the ability in thought and diction which Dr. Lloyd's essay abundantly manifests, it in some measure evidences the defects which have repelled a goodly portion of possible readers of this field of literature. These defects produce the feeling that the wiping out of distinctions in which metaphysics so frequently indulges is neither profitable nor logical. The metaphysicians seem to take pleasure in removing the wax with which the practical etcher has covered his plate, so that when the whole is exposed to the acid of critical analysis the lines are over-bitten, and light and shade, even the outlines themselves, are lost in a general confusion of black and white. And again, these defects produce the feeling that metaphysics is not as closely related to science and knowledge as it pretends to be. It is so easy to prove that things ought or must be so, after you know that they are so. This false air of leadership repels. It is much as though the dog were to imagine that he is leading his master because he constantly runs on just a little ahead; but the wise dog looks back for indi-

ications of the master's proposed route. Here, again, it is possible that things are not what they seem. It will not do for science to disparage metaphysics, nor for metaphysics to disparage science. Each has a message for the other; but it is extremely difficult to induce them to speak in the same language.

*Growth of the  
British Empire.*

After masterly expositions by such men as Professor Seeley, Captain Mahan, and Professor Goldwin Smith, it is disappointing to find the same great subject, "The Growth of the British Empire," given an inadequate and unscholarly treatment, in a volume by Mr. A. T. Story, in the "Stories of the Nations" series (Putnam). The writer has set about his task conscientiously, yet his narrative rarely rises above a commonplace setting forth of a tale already known. His work deserves this praise, however, that it brings into juxtaposition events which Americans, at least, do not often think of as closely related to their own colonial history. The author professes to have gone to the best sources, but the books he quotes in the footnotes suggest that he has little idea of what the sources are. His most frequent reference on the early colonial period in New England is "Robertson's America." Now, Robertson was a great historian; but researches into the history of New England did not close with the publication of his book in 1777. The same fault appears even more strikingly in the chapters on India, especially in the pages on Dupleix. The author is apparently unaware that the old calumnies against Dupleix, based on incidents connected with the surrender of Madras, have been silenced by later English historians, notably by Colonel Malletson; and that Labourdonnais, the rival of the French governor, praised by the older school of English writers as the pattern of chivalry, was probably less moved by honor in his stubborn efforts to thwart Dupleix than by the £40,000 which he was to receive in case the settlement was put to ransom. It is not difficult to discover where the author got his knowledge of the subject. Comparing his pages with those of Mill, it is apparent that he has followed Mill sentence by sentence with patient fidelity, sometimes taking over a sentence bodily with the mere change of a word or two. But he has improved on Mill in his characterizations of the Frenchman's duplicity, perhaps prompted by Macaulay's severer language, which, in turn, was derived from Orme, a contemporary of Dupleix, who for patent reasons failed to understand him. These instances will serve as illustrations of the manner in which this work has been done.

*Reminiscences  
of the old  
U. S. Navy.*

Mr. Edgar Stanton Maclay, whose creditable "History of the United States Navy" we reviewed at length some three or four years ago, has compiled a readable volume of "Reminiscences of the Old Navy" (Putnam), from the journals and private papers of Captain Edward Trenchard and Rear-Admiral Stephen Decatur Trenchard. The records of the Trenchards, father and son, cover eighty years of

service in our navy, and are naturally replete with episodes and exploits not unworthy of commemoration, that have escaped the attention of the formal historian. Notably interesting are the journal and notes of a cruise for the suppression of the slave-trade on the African coast, left by the elder Trenchard; while the copious journals kept by his son when on service in the China sea, and during his remarkable career as commander of the United States cruiser "Rhode Island" throughout the Civil War, are well strewn with stirring episodes heretofore unrecorded. Among these latter may be mentioned, as especially worthy of notice, the chase and capture of a Confederate vessel by the "Jamestown," the capture of the British ship "Richard O'Brien," the adventure of a boat's crew from the "Rhode Island" after the sinking of the "Monitor," the capture of the Confederate vessels "Venus," "Vixen," and "Cronstadt," the several chases after the supposed "Alabama," and the active participation in the assaults on Fort Fisher. Decidedly interesting, too, is the elder Trenchard's story of the battle of the Peiho Forts — the occasion of Tattal's famous sentiment, "Blood is thicker than water." The chief value of the book lies, as Mr. Maclay observes, in the fact that it is part and parcel of the inside history of our navy during the period covered. The volume is neatly made, and the edition is limited to 750 copies.

*Napoleon III.  
in his glory.*

Having depicted, in the opening volume of his series of studies of "The Second French Empire," the early exiles, mishaps, illusions, and chagrins of the Prisoner of Ham, M. Imbert de Saint-Amand now proceeds in Volume II. of the series, entitled "Napoleon III. and his Court" (Scribner), to deal with the second or middle phase of Louis Napoleon's career, which includes the period of his joys and triumphs. Prominent in these pages are the Crimean War, the Great Exposition of 1855, the mutual visits of the rulers of England and France, and at the close of the book, the birth of the ill-starred Prince Imperial. M. de Saint-Amand is at once the soundest and most brilliant of the popular historians of the day, and the present series bids fair to be the best and most readable concise account of Napoleon III. and his *entourage* obtainable.

*American  
miniature  
painting.*

One of the prettiest specimens of ornate yet chaste and tasteful book-making that has lately fallen in our way is Mrs. Anne Hollingsworth Wharton's "Heirlooms in Miniature" (Lippincott). Mrs. Wharton's idea was a particularly happy and timely one, and it has been irreproachably carried out. Her original plan was merely to gather together some interesting and representative American miniatures, and to accompany each of these with some brief account of the person represented. As her task progressed, however, so many fresh and interesting facts as to the painters and their sitters came to light in the course of her correspondence with the possessors of the

original likeness that her book grew insensibly under her hand considerably beyond its projected scope and compass. In fine, Mrs. Wharton has given us, instead of a sort of mere pictorial *catalogue raisonné*, an entertaining and richly illustrated work, brimful of interesting biographical fact and anecdote, on American miniature painting. Brief accounts are given of the leading artists and their more noteworthy patrons; and Mrs. J. Madison Taylor, of Philadelphia, has added a chapter on Miniature Painting as an art. There are some ninety illustrations, including the dainty tinted frontispiece portrait, after Milbone, of Mrs. Alexander Bleecker, of New York. In view of the current interest in old miniatures and of the promised revival of the useful and beautiful art of miniature painting, Mrs. Wharton's book is well-timed and will doubtless find the favor it deserves.

*Keeping up with the periodicals.*

We have spoken upon several occasions of the important bibliographical work done by Mr. W. H. Brett, of the Cleveland and Public Library, in his "Cumulative Index to a Selected List of Periodicals." The second year of this work is represented by the annual volume for 1897, indexing the contents of one hundred well-chosen periodicals. It is a volume of 635 double-columned pages, which is nearly twice the number contained in the volume for 1896. As compared with "Poole," this work presents a far more minute and searching analysis, although the number of periodicals indexed is not so great. Indeed, a "Poole" based upon this system would prove too voluminous to come within the range of the practicable. Mr. Brett gives us entries under both authors and subjects, references to reviews of books in great number, titles of individual poems, and even references to portraits. Dates of birth and death are also given with author, and biographical subject references. We hope that the public will provide this work with sufficient support to insure its continuance, for its usefulness can hardly be overestimated, and the cost of its preparation must be considerable. Hereafter the bi-monthly instalments of the "Index" will be cumulative for a period of six months, after which a second series for the year will begin, but we understand that the two will be combined, as at present, in the annual volume.

*Guide-books, new and old.*

The present time would hardly seem to be auspicious for the publication of a traveller's guide-book to Spain, yet such a work has just appeared, and the name of Baedeker, the patron-saint of tourists, guarantees its superiority to all possible competitors. Furthermore, if we may not make practical use of it just now, we may with great satisfaction add it to the library as a reference-work of the most useful sort. It is a volume of over six hundred pages, including Portugal within its scope, but not, for some inexplicable reason, the Balearic Islands. A Baedeker Egypt is also among the publications of this spring,

although the work in this case is not strictly a new one, being rather the compression into a single volume of the "Lower Egypt" and "Upper Egypt" hitherto known to travellers in the East. Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons import these guide-books for the American market. At the same time, we may acknowledge the receipt of our old acquaintance, "The Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe," in its latest annual revision. This marvel of compactness is now published by Mr. W. R. Jenkins, and bears upon its title-page the names of Mr. E. C. Stedman, who first planned the volume, and Dr. Thomas L. Stedman, who yearly brings it up to date.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

"The Statesman's Year Book" has just made its appearance for 1898, still edited by Mr. J. Scott Keltie, this time with the assistance of Mr. J. P. A. Renwick, and published, as heretofore, by the Macmillan Co. The special new features of this issue are a revision of the navies of the world, a series of diagrams showing the course of trade in the leading countries for twenty-five years, and a map of West Africa illustrating the disputed question of the Niger. Words in praise of this publication would be wasted, as every well-informed person knows it to be one of the few reference manuals that are absolutely indispensable.

Volume VIII. of the "Harvard Studies in Classical Philology" (Ginn) includes the following monographs: "The Trial of the Alcmeonidae and the Cleisthenean Constitutional Reforms," by Mr. G. W. Botsford; "The Salvia Superstition in Classical Literature," by Mr. F. W. Nicolson; "Greek Grave-Reliefs," by Mr. Richard Norton; and "The Origin of Roman Prænomina," by Mr. George D. Chase. No. VI. of the "Cornell Studies in Classical Philology" (Macmillan) is devoted to a single monograph, being "Studies in Latin Moods and Tenses," by Mr. Herbert Charles Elmer.

Mr. James Hamilton Wylie's "History of England under Henry the Fourth" (Longmans) is now made complete by the publication of the fourth volume. It has been the work of twenty-five years of industrious application, and deals with its period as thoroughly and as minutely as the period of the Long Parliament is dealt with by Dr. Gardiner. The present volume covers the last two years (1411-1413) of Henry's reign, and only about one-fourth of the contents are needed to complete the narrative proper. The remaining contents are a series of thirty appendices, a glossary of obsolete words, and a comprehensive analytical index, extending to two hundred pages, to the entire work.

"School Reading by Grades" is a series of eight numbers, compiled by Mr. James Baldwin, and published by the American Book Co. The selections are scrappy, as a matter of course, but as school readers go, this series exhibits good judgment and literary taste. From the same publishers we have "The Story of Æneas," by Mr. M. Clarke, in the "Eclectic School Readings," and Mr. S. W. Baird's "Graded Work in Arithmetic," in four parts. They also send us an "Applied Physiology," by Dr. Frank Overton, with the chapters on "Narcotics" that are nowadays incorporated in books of this sort, in deference to unwise legislation and an exaggerated phase of popular sentiment.



## LITERARY NOTES.

A volume of dramatic sketches with the title "Capriccios," by Mr. Louis J. Block, is about to be issued by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A new edition, with considerable added material, of Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution," has just been published by the Macmillan Co.

The Macmillan Co. publish a new edition of the translation of M. Zola's "La Débâcle," made several years ago by Miss Elizabeth Pennell Robins.

"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" and "Diana of the Crossways" have just been published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in their revised edition of the novels of Mr. George Meredith.

A fifth edition of Mr. Louis Heilprin's "Historical Reference Book," revised to 1898, is now issued by the publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., as a volume of their useful "Concise Knowledge Library."

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have just published two "French" volumes in their series of "Stories by Foreign Authors." Each volume has a portrait frontispiece (Daudet and M. Coppée), and contains five or six stories by the best modern writers.

Professor Bury's scholarly edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" is being somewhat deliberately carried on to its conclusion. Volumes IV. and V. have just appeared, leaving but two more to complete the work. The Macmillan Co. are the publishers.

Mr. W. J. Stillman has resigned as correspondent in Rome of the London "Times," and will take up his residence in England. He is said to be engaged upon a history of Italy from 1812 to the present day, as well as several other books.

Still another old English comedy has been enacted by college students. This time it is Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday," and the performance was arranged by one of the secret societies of Harvard. The play was given twice in Cambridge and once in Boston, all at the close of last month.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's "Farthest North" (Harper) now appears in a one-volume "popular edition," made from new plates, and containing sixteen of the more important illustrations of the "library edition," besides an etched portrait of the author. It makes a volume of nearly seven hundred pages.

Messrs. Luzac & Co., of London, publish "A Manual of Sanskrit Phonetics," by Dr. C. C. Uhlenbeck of Amsterdam, being the author's English translation and revision of his own "Handboek der Indische Klankleer," published in 1894. The original work has, however, been considerably augmented.

"Little Dorrit," "Bleak House," and "Barnaby Rudge," each in two volumes, are now ready in the "Gadshill" edition of Dickens's works, imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The same publishers have added "The Bride of Lammermoor" to their "Temple" edition of the Waverley novels, issued in connection with Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. of London.

A new translation of Renan's "The Apostles," by the late Joseph Henry Allen, is published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. The "Life of Jesus," and "Antichrist" have previously been set to the credit of this singularly competent translator, and it is to be hoped that his death will not interrupt the work of providing the English public with a complete version of the seven volumes of Renan's "Origines."

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 91 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop: Correspondence Now Published in Full for the First Time. With elucidations by William Wallace. In 2 vols., illus., 12mo, gilt tops. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$5.

French Literature of To-Day: A Study of the Principal Romancers and Essayists. By Yvetta Blaze de Bury. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 279. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

A History of Italian Literature. By Richard Garnett, C.B. 12mo, pp. 431. "Literatures of the World." D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Studies of Good and Evil: A Series of Essays upon Problems of Philosophy and of Life. By Josiah Royce. 12mo, pp. 384. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Matthew Arnold and the Spirit of the Age: Papers of the English Club of Sewanee. Edited by the President, Rev. Greenough White, A.M. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 148. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

The Cruel Side of War: Letters from the Headquarters of the U. S. Sanitary Commission during the Peninsular Campaign in Virginia in 1862. By Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 210. Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.

As It Seems to Me: Being Some Philistine Essays concerning Several Things. By Elbert Hubbard. With portrait, 8vo, uncut, pp. 138. East Aurora, N. Y.: Roycroft Printing Shop. \$2.50.

The Unquiet Sex. By Helen Watterston Moody. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 159. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

The Gods of our Fathers: A Study of Saxon Mythology. By Herman I. Stern. 12mo, pp. 269. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

How to Study Shakespeare. By William H. Fleming; with Introduction by W. J. Rolfe. Litt.D. 16mo, pp. 429. Doubleday & McClure Co. \$1. net.

## NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Vanity Fair. By William Makepeace Thackeray. "Biographical" edition; with photogravure portrait and other illustrations. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 676. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon; edited by J. B. Bury, M.A. Vols. IV. and V.; 12mo, gilt tops, uncut. Macmillan Co. Per vol., \$2.

The Works of George Meredith, Popular Edition. First vol.: The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, and Diana of the Crossways. Each with photogravure frontispiece, 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. Per vol., \$1.50.

Works of Charles Dickens, "Gadshill" Edition. Edited by Andrew Lang. New vols.: Bleak House, Barnaby Rudge, and Little Dorrit, each in 2 vols. Illus., 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Charles Scribner's Sons. Per vol., \$1.50.

The Life and Times of Niccolò Machiavelli. By Professor Pasquale Villari; trans. by Madame Linda Villari. Popular edition; illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 1100. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

History of Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. "Centenary" edition; Vol. V., with portraits, 8vo, uncut, pp. 410. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

The Bride of Lammermoor. By Sir Walter Scott. "Temple" edition; with frontispiece, 24mo, gilt top, pp. 473. Charles Scribner's Sons. 80 cts.

## HISTORY.

The Royal Navy: A History from the Earliest Times to the Present. By William Laird Clowes and others. Vol. II.; illus. in photogravure, etc., 4to, gilt top, pp. 593. Little, Brown, & Co. \$6.50 net.

The Indian Frontier War: Being an Account of the Mohmand and Tirah Expeditions, 1897. By Lionel James. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 300. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

The History of the Lowell Institute. By Harriette Knight Smith. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 125. Lamson, Wolfe, & Co. \$1.

Henry VIII. and the Reformation, in Relation to the Church of England. By Rev. William Frederic Faber. 18mo, pp. 55. Thomas Whittaker. Paper, 15 cts.

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Henry of Guise, and Other Portraits. By H. C. MacDowall. 8vo, uncut, pp. 344. Macmillan Co. \$2.75 net.
- James MacDonnell, Journalist. By W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A. With portrait, large 8vo, uncut, pp. 416. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.75.
- The Autobiography of Charles H. Spurgeon. Compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records, by his Wife and his Private Secretary. In 4 vols.; Vol. I, 1834-1854. Illus., 4to, pp. 373. F. H. Revell Co. \$2.50.
- The Eugene Field I Knew. By Francis Wilson. Illus. in photographs, etc., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 140. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
- Mungo Park. By T. Banks MacLachlan. 12mo, pp. 160. "Famous Scots." Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cts.

## FICTION.

- The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton. 12mo, pp. 408. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- The Standard Bearer. By S. R. Crockett. 12mo, pp. 359. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Loneliness. By Robert Hichens. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 33. H. S. Stone & Co. \$1.50.
- The Downfall (La Débâcle). By Emile Zola; trans. by E. P. Robins. 12mo, pp. 565. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Hassan a Fellah: A Romance of Palestine. By Henry Gillman. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 597. Little, Brown, & Co. \$2.
- The Gospel of Freedom. By Robert Herrick. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 287. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- The Open Boat, and Other Tales of Adventure. By Stephen Crane. 18mo, pp. 336. Doubleday & McClure Co. \$1.
- Folks from Dixie. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 263. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.
- Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 16mo, pp. 238. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
- The Continental Dragoon: A Love Story of Philippe Manor-House in 1778. By Robert Neilson Stephens. Illus., 12mo, pp. 299. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.25.
- The King's Henchman: A Chronicle of the Sixteenth Century. By William Henry Johnson. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 33. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.
- Ars et Vita, and Other Stories. By T. R. Sullivan. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 302. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
- The Doll Miss Archinard. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. 12mo, pp. 287. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
- The Fire of Life. By Charles Kennett Burrow. 12mo, pp. 23. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.
- Senhor a Montemar. By Archer P. Crouch. 12mo, pp. 300. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
- An American Citizen. By Madeleine Lucette Ryley. 12mo, pp. 97. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.50.
- The Cook of the Bough. By Mærie Muriel Dowie. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 305. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
- A Marat-At-Home: A Romance of the Days of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, the Great Viper. By Clinton Scollard. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 362. Lamsan, Wolfe, & Co. \$1.50.
- With Eyes of Gold. By Henry Athey and A. Herbert Bowers. 12mo, pp. 274. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.50.
- A Peddler in Pawn. By Arthur Henry Veysey. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 248. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.25.
- The Goodfide, and Other Tales of the Fair Green. By W. G. Van L. Sutphen. Illus., 16mo, pp. 228. Harper & Bros. \$1.
- In Old Narragansett: Romances and Realities. By Alice Morris Earle. 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 196. Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cts.
- Two Old Girls; or, Douglas Rock's Secret. By John A. Peters. 12mo, pp. 529. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.50.
- Under the Ban: A South Carolina Romance. By Terésa Hammond Strickland. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 225. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.
- A Daughter of Earth. By E. M. Davy. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 24. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.
- Stories for Foreign Authors. Vols. I. and II., French Authors. Each with portrait, 16mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. Per vol., 75 cts.
- Yetta's Gal. By Horace J. Rollin. 12mo, pp. 174. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.25.
- The Love of Wine. By Bernard Capes. 12mo, pp. 364. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.; paper, 50 cts.

## TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

- Through the Gold-Fields of Alaska to Bering Straits. By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S. Illus., 8vo, pp. 314. Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.
- Across the Sub-Arctic of Canada: A Journey of 3,200 Miles by Canoe and Snowshoe through the Barren Lands. By J. W. Tyrrell, C.E. Illus., 8vo, pp. 280. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.
- Farthest North. By Dr. Fridtjof Nansen; with Appendix by Otto Sverdrup. Popular edition; illus., 8vo, pp. 679. Harper & Brothers. \$3.
- Romance and Reality of the Southern Gulf Coast. By Minnie Walter Myers. Illus., 12mo, pp. 137. Robert Clarke Co. \$1.

## THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

- An Outline of Christian Theology. By William Newton Clarke, D.D. 8vo, pp. 488. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.
- The Apostles: Including the Period from the Death of Jesus until the Greater Missions of Paul. By Ernest Renan; trans. and edited by Joseph Henry Allen, D.D. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 315. Roberts Brothers. \$2.50.
- Religion and Conscience in Ancient Egypt: Lectures Delivered at University College, London. By W. M. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L. 12mo, uncut, pp. 179. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.
- Companions of the Sorrowful Way. By John Watson (Ian Maclaren). 18mo, pp. 185. Dodd, Mead & Co. 75 cts.
- New Forms of Christian Education: An Address. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 12mo, pp. 39. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35 cts.

## POLITICAL AND SOCIAL STUDIES.

- The Monroe Doctrine. By W. F. Reddaway, B.A. 12mo, uncut, pp. 162. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
- Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. New edition, revised, with additions; 12mo, pp. 404. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- West Florida and its Relation to the Historical Cartography of the United States. By Henry E. Chambers. 8vo, uncut, pp. 59. "Johns Hopkins University Studies." Paper, 25c.

## ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

- Historic Ornament: A Treatise on Decorative Art and Architectural Ornament. By James Ward. Vol. II.; illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 411. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.
- Social Pictorial Satire: Reminiscences and Appreciations of English Illustrators of the Past Generation. By George du Maurier. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 100. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
- The Attitude of the Greek Tragedians toward Art. By John H. Huddleston, B.A. 12mo, uncut, pp. 119. Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
- Syria and Egypt, from the Tell el Amarna Letters. By W. M. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L. 12mo, uncut, pp. 187. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.

## REFERENCE.

- Who's Who, 1898. Edited by Douglas Sladen. 12mo, gilt edges, pp. 846. Macmillan Co. \$1.75.
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